



SELECT POEMS.

BY R. H. DANA.



THE CHANGES OF HOME 1860

LONDON.

W. TWEEDIE, 337. STRAND



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MEMOIR

RICHARD HENRY DANA was born at Cambridge, on the fifteenth of November, 1787. When about ten years old he went to Newport, Rhode Island, where he remained until a year or two before he entered Harvard College. His health, during his boyhood, was too poor to admit of very constant application to study; and much of his time was passed in rambling along the rock-bound coast, listening to the roar and dashing of the waters, and searching for the wild and picturesque; indicating thus early that love of nature which is evinced in nearly all his subsequent writings, and acquiring that perfect knowledge of the scenery of the sea which is shown in the "Buccaneer," and some of his minor pieces. On leaving college, in 1807, he returned to Newport, and passed nearly two years in studying the Latin language and literature, after which he went to Baltimore, and entered as a student the law office of

General Robert Goodhue Harper. The approach of the second war with Great Britain, and the extreme unpopularity of all persons known to belong to the federal party, induced him to return to Cambridge, where he finished his course of study and opened an office. He soon became a member of the legislature, and was for a time a warm partisan.

Feeble health, and great constitutional sensitiveness, the whole current of his mind and feelings, convinced him that he was unfitted for his profession, and he closed his office to assist his relative Professor Edward T. Channing, in the management of the "North American Review," which had then been established about two years.

In 1821, he began "The Idle Man," for which he found a publisher in Mr. Charles Wiley, of New York. This was read and admired by a class of literary men, but it was of too high a character for the period, and on the publication of the first number of the second volume, Dana received from Mr. Wiley information that he was "writing himself into debt," and gave up the work.

In 1825, he published his first poetical production, "The Dying Raven," in the "New York Review," then edited by Mr. Bryant;* and two years after gave

* While DANA was a member of the "North American Club,"

to the public, in a small volume, "The Buccaneer, and other poems."

In 1839, he delivered in Boston and New York a series of lectures on English poetry, and the great masters of the art, which were warmly applauded by the educated and judicious. These have not yet been printed.

The longest and most remarkable of Dana's poems, is the "Buccaneer," a story in which he has depicted with singular power the stronger and darker passions. It is based on a tradition of a murder committed on an island on the coast of New England, by a pirate, whose guilt in the end meets with strange and terrible retribution. In attempting to compress his language he is

the poem entitled "Thanatopsis" was offered for publication in the Review. Our critic, with one or two others, read it, and concurred in the belief that it could not have been written by an American. There was a finish and completeness about it, added to the grandeur and beauty of the ideas, to which, it was supposed, none of our own writers had attained. DANA was informed however, that the author of it was a member of the Massachusetts Senate, then in Session, and he walked immediately from Cambridge to the State House in Boston, to obtain a view of the remarkable man. A plain, middle-aged gentleman, with a business like aspect, was pointed out to him; a single glance was sufficient; the legislator could not be the author of *Thanatopsis*; and he returned without seeking an introduction. A slight and natural mistake of names had misled his informant. The real author being at length discovered, a correspondence ensued; and BRYANT being invited to deliver the Phi Beta Kappa poem at Cambridge, they became personally acquainted, and a friendship sprung up which has lasted until the present time.

sometimes slightly obscure, and his verse is occasionally harsh, but never feeble, never without meaning. The "Buccancer" is followed by a poem of a very different character, entitled, "The Changes of Home," in which is related the affection of two young persons, in humble life, whose marriage is deferred until the lover shall have earned the means of subsistence; his departure in search of gain; his return in disappointment; his second departure, and death in absence—a sad history, and one that is too often lived. "Factious Life," "Thoughts on the Soul," and "The Husband's and Wife's Grave," are the longest of his other poems, and, as well as his shorter pieces, they are distinguished for high religious purpose, profound philosophy, simple sentiment, and pure and vigorous diction.

All the writings of Dana belong to the permanent literature of the country. His prose and poetry will find every year more and more readers. Something resembling poetry "is oftentimes borne into instant and turbulent popularity, while a work of genuine character may be lying neglected by all except the poets. But the tide of time flows on, and the former begins to settle to the bottom, while the latter rises slowly and steadily to the surface, and goes forward, for a spirit is in it."

RUFUS W. GRISWOLD

PREFACE

TO THE SECOND EDITION OF THE POEMS.

Although the additions here made to the first edition of the Poems are considerable, yet being in their poetical characteristics essentially the same, I will stop to make only a remark or two upon the principal of them —“ Factitious Life.” *

Looking at the more serious cast of thought which it gradually takes, and particularly, at the religious character of the close, some may think it would have been more self-consistent, had there been less of a light manner and homely familiarity in the setting out.

It would hardly have been more natural, however: for open our eyes where we may, they soon fall on the homely or trifling; and as I did not aim at form, but simply at following on after Life, making some passing observations, and such reflections as might flow from them, if tried by these, the poem will be found, I believe, in agreement with the course of life, and congruous with itself.

The objection of others may lie against the close, as of too serious a character to grow naturally out of the rest; for I am aware of the influence that the habitual

* See note. p. 154.

course of our feelings and associations has over the perceptions; and that the thoughts of men are too apt to run (contrary to the course of them in this poem) from the serious to the light: I am sorry for it.

In fine, there is, I trust, no want of congruity in a reflecting mind, if, having first chanced upon the trifling, it falls gradually into the serious, and at last rests in that which should be the home of all our thoughts, the religious.

The alterations now made in the poems of the first edition are of too minute a kind to deserve particular mention. Some of them were introduced in consequence of remarks which I occasionally met with in the public notices. Nor have I distinguished between those which were made in a friendly and those made in a detracting spirit. Not to avail one's self of the suggestions of a friend argues a wilful pertinacity, and to refuse to gather good out of the censoriousness of an enemy savours of folly.

Though it ill becomes an honest man to bestow public commendation through mere personal partiality, yet fairly-intentioned public praise affects him who receives it, like an act of personal kindness and regard. Within the few last years I have had cause to feel this deeply; and without affecting humility, let me add, that if attended with any pain, it has been from that feeling of unworthiness which commendation oftentimes occasions.

PREFACE

TO THE FIRST EDITION OF THE POEMS.

It is not without hesitation that I give this small volume to the public; for no one can be more sensible than I am how much is required to the production of what may be rightly called poetry. It is true that something resembling it is oftentimes borne into instant and turbulent popularity, while a work of genuine character may be lying neglected by all except the poets. But the tide of time flows on, and the former begins to settle to the bottom, while the latter rises slowly and steadily to the surface, and goes forward, for a spirit is in it.

It is a poor ambition to be anxious after the distinction of a day in that which, if it be fit to live at all, is to live for ages. It is wiser than all, so to love one's art, that its distinctions shall be but secondary: and, indeed, he who is not so absorbed in it as to think of his fame only as one of its accidents, had better save himself his toil; for the true power is not in him. Yet the most self-dependent are stirred to livelier action by the hope of fame; and there are none who can go on

with vigour, without the sympathy of some few minds which they respect.

I will not say of my first tale, as Miss Edgeworth sometimes does of her improbabilities, "This is a fact;" but thus much I may say; there are few facts so well vouched for, and few truths so fully believed in, as the account upon which I have grounded my story.

I shall not name the island off our New England coast upon which these events happened, and these strange appearances were seen; for islanders are the most sensitive creatures in the world in all that relates to their places of abode.

I have changed the time of the action—which was before the war of our revolution—to that of the great contest in Spain; as the reader will see, in my making use of the christian name of Lord Wellington in a way to allude to the popular belief, during the early ages, in the return of King Arthur to the world.*—In putting my hero on horseback, in not allowing him to die quietly in his bed, and, indeed, in whatever I thought might heighten the poetical effect of the tale, I have not hesitated to depart from the true account. Nor am I even certain that I have not run two stories into one; it being many years since these wonderful events were told to me. I mention this, here, lest the islanders might be unnecessarily provoked at my departures from the real facts, when they come to read my tale,

and the critics be put to the trouble of useless research in detecting mistakes.

Of the second story, I would only say, that having in it nothing of the marvellous, and being of a less active character than the first, I shall not be disappointed, though it should not be generally estimated according to its relative merit.

Of the remaining pieces, the first four have appeared in the *New-York Review*; and are here republished with the consent of my friend Bryant, the editor of that late work.

One of these, "Fragments of an Epistle," is taken from a letter which I wrote to amuse myself while recovering from a severe illness. I must be pardoned giving it as a fragment. The lines are much more broken than is usual in the octo-syllabic verse; though Milton has taken great liberties in this respect in his two exquisite little poems in the same measure. This he could have done neither through ignorance or carelessness. Lord Byron has justly spoken of "the fatal facility," of this measure; and he might as truly have remarked upon its fatal monotony, unless varied in all possible ways. So far from abrupt pauses not being allowable in it, there is scarcely a measure in the language which becomes so wearisome without them; as every one must have experienced in reading Scott, notwithstanding his rapidity and spirit.*

* See Second Note, at the end.

I am fully aware of the truth of Sir Walter Raleigh's remark in his admirable Preface to his History of the World:—True it is that the judgments of all men are not agreeable; nor (which is more strange) the affection of any one man stirred up alike with examples of like nature: But every one is touched most with that which most nearly seemeth to touch his own private; or otherwise best suiteth with his apprehension."—I therefore do not look to see all pleased;—content if enough are gratified to encourage me to undertake something more than this small beginning; which is of size sufficient, if it should fail to be thought well of, and large enough to build further upon, should it be liked. Let me end, then, in the words of old Cowell:—that which a man saith well, is not to be rejected because he hath some errors. No man, no book is void of imperfections. And, therefore, reprehend who will in God's name, that is with sweetness and without reproach."

THE BUCCANEER.

Boy with thy blac berd,
I rede that thou blin,
And sone set the to shrive,
With sorrow of thi syn;
Ze met with the marchandes
And made tham ful bare;
It es gude reason and right
That ze evill misfare.

LAURENCE MINGT

The island lies nine leagues away.
Along its solitary shore,
Of craggy rock and sandy bay,
No sound but ocean's roar,
Save, where the bold, wild sea-bird makes her home,
Her shrill cry coming through the sparkling foam.

But when the light winds lie at rest,
And on the glassy, heaving sea,
The black duck, with her glossy breast,
Sits swinging silently;
How beautiful! no ripples break the reach.
And silvery waves go noiseless up the beach.

And inland rests the green, warm dell;
The brook comes tinkling down its side;
From out the trees the sabbath bell
Rings cheerful, far and wide,
Mingling its sound with bleatings of the flocks,
That feed about the vale among the rocks.

Nor holy bell, nor pastoral bleat
In former days within the vale;
Flapped in the bay the pirate's sheet;
Curses were on the gale;
Rich goods lay on the sand, and murdered men;
Pirate and wrecker kept their revels then.

But calm, low voices, words of grace,
Now slowly fall upon the ear;
A quiet look is in each face,
Subdued and holy fear:
Each motion gentle; all is kindly done—
Come, listen, how from crime this isle was won.

I.

Twelve years are gone since Matthew Lee
 Held in this isle unquestioned sway ;
 A dark, low, brawny man was he ;
 His law—" It is my way."
 Beneath his thick-set brows a sharp light broke
 From small grey eyes ; his laugh a triumph spoke.

II.

Cruel of heart, and strong of arm,
 Loud in his sport, and keen for spoil,
 He little recked of good or harm,
 Pierce both in mirth and toil ;
 Yet like a dog could fawn, if need there were ;
 Speak mildly, when he would, or look in fear.

III.

Amid the uproar of the storm,
 And by the lightning's sharp, red glare,
 Were seen Lee's face and sturdy form ;
 His axe glanced quick in air.
 Whose corpse at morn is floating in the sedge ?
 There's blood and hair, Mat, on thy axe's edge.

IV.

" Nay, ask him yonder ; let him tell ;
 I make the brute, not man, my mark.
 Who walks these cliffs, needs heed him well !
 Last night was fearful dark.
 Think ye the lashing waves will spare or feel ?
 An ugly gash !—These rocks—they cut like steel."

V.

He wiped his axe ; and turning round,
Said with a cold and hardened smile,
" The hemp is saved—the man is drowned.
Wilt let him float awile ?
Or give him Christian burial on the strand ?
He'll find his fellows peaceful 'neath the sand."

VI.

Lee's waste was greater than his gain.
" I'll try the merchant's trade," he thought,
" Though less the toil to kill, than feign,—
Things sweeter robbed than bought.
But, then, to circumvent them at their arts!"
Ship manned, and spoils for cargo, Lee departs.

VII.

'Tis fearful, on the broad-backed waves,
To feel them shake and hear them roar ;
Beneath, unsounded, dreadful caves ;
Around, no cheerful shore.
Yet 'mid this solemn world what deeds are done !
The curse goes up, the deadly sea-fight's won ;—

VIII.

And wanton talk and laughter heard,
Where speaks God's deep and awful voice.
There's awe from that lone ocean bird :
Pray ye, when ye rejoice !
"Leave prayers to priests," cries Lee : "I'm ruler here !
These fellows know full well whom they should fear !"

IX.

The ship works hard ; the seas run high ;
Their white tops, flashing through the night,
Give to the eager, straining eye,
A wild and shifting light.
“ Hard at the pumps !—The leak is gaining fast !—
Lighten the ship !—The devil rode that blast ! ”

X.

Ocean has swallowed for its food
Spoils thou didst gain in murderous glee ;
Mat, could its waters wash out blood,
It had been well for thee.
Crime fits for crime. And no repentant tear
Hast thou for sin ?—Then wait thine hour of fear.

XI.

The sea has like a plaything tossed
That heavy hull the livelong night.
The man of sin—he is not lost :
Soft breaks the morning light.
Torn spars and sails,—her cargo in the deep—
The ship makes port with slow and labouring sweep

XII.

Within a Spanish port she rides.
Angry and soured, Lee walks her deck.
“ Then peaceful trade a curse betides ?—
And thou, good ship, a wreck !
Ill luck in change !—Ho ! cheer ye up, my men !
Rigged, and at sea, we'll to old work again ! ”

XIII.

A sound is in the Pyrenees !
Whirling and dark, comes roaring down
A tide, as of a thousand seas,
Sweeping both cowl and crown.
On field and vineyard, thick and red it stood.
Spain's streets and palaces are wet with blood.—

XIV.

And wrath and terror shake the laud ;
The peaks shine clear in watchfire lights ;
Soon comes the tread of that stout band—
Bold Arthur and his knights.
Awake ye, Merlin ! Hear the shout from Spain !
The spell is broke ;—Arthur is come again !—

XV

Too late for thee, thou young, fair bride ;
The lips are cold, the brow is pale,
That thou didst kiss in love and pride ;
He cannot hear thy wail,
Whom thou didst lull with fondly murmured sound :
His couch is cold and lonely in the ground.

XVI.

He fell for Spain—her Spain no more ;
For he was gone who made it dear ;
And she would seek some distant shore,
At rest from strife and fear,
And wait amid her sorrows till the day
His voice of love should call her thence away.

XVII.

Lee feigned him grieved, and bowed him low
'Twould joy his heart could he but aid
So good a lady in her woe,
He meekly, smoothly said.
With wealth and servants she is soon aboard,
And that white steed she rode beside her lord.

XVIII.

The sun goes down upon the sea ;
The shadows gather round her home.
“ How like a pall are ye to me !
My home, how like a tomb !
O ! blow, ye flowers of Spain, above his head.—
Ye will not blow o'er me when I am dead. ”

XIX.

And now the stars are burning bright ;
Yet still she's looking toward the shore
Beyond the waters black in night.
“ I ne'er shall see thee more !
Ye're many, waves, yet lovely seems your flow ;
And I'm alone— scarce know I where I go. ”

XX.

Sleep, sleep, thou sad one, on the sea
The wash of waters lulls thee now ;
His arm no more will pillow thee,
Thy fingers on his brow.
He is not near, to hush thee, or to save.
The ground is his—the sea must be thy grave.

XXI.

The moon comes up; the night goes on.
Why, in the shadow of the mast,
Stands that dark, thoughtful man alone?
Thy pledge, man; keep it fast!
Bethink thee of her youth and sorrows, Lee;
Helpless, alone—and, then, her trust in thee.

XXII.

When told the hardships thou hadst borne,
Her words to thee were like a charm.
With uncheered grief her heart is worn;
Thou wilt not do her harm!
He looks out on the sea that sleeps in light,
And growls an oath—"It is too still to-night!"

XXIII.

He sleeps; but dreams of massy gold,
And heaps of pearl. He stretched his hands.
He hears a voice—"Ill man, withhold!"
A pale one near him stands.
Her breath comes deathly cold upon his cheek;
Her touch is cold.—He wakes with piercing shriek.

XXIV.

He wakes; but no relentings wake
Within his angry, restless soul.
"What, shall a dream Mat's purpose shake?
The gold will make all whole.
Thy merchant trade had nigh unmanned thee, lad!
What, balk my chance because a woman's sad?"

XXV.

He cannot look on her mild eye ;
Her patient words his spirit quell.
Within that evil heart there lie
The hates and fears of hell.
His speech is short ; he wears a surly brow.
There's none will hear her shriek. What fear ye now ?

XXVI.

The workings of the soul ye fear ;
Ye fear the power that goodness hath ;
Ye fear the Unseen One, ever near,
Walking his ocean path.
From out the silent void there comes a cry—
‘ Vengeance is mine ! Thou, murderer, too shalt die ! ’

XXVI.

Nor dread of ever-during woe,
Nor the sea's awful solitude,
Can make thee, wretch, thy crime forgo.
Then, bloody hand,—to blood !
The scud is driving wildly over head ;
The stars burn dim ; the ocean moans its dead.

XXVIII.

Moan for the living ; moan our sins,—
The wrath of man, more fierce than thine.
Hark ! still thy waves !—The work begins—
Lee makes the deadly sign.
The crew glide down like shadows. Eye and hand
Speak fearful meanings through that silent band.

XXIX.

They're gone.—The helmsman stands alone ;
 And one leans idly o'er the bow.
 Still as a tomb the ship keeps on ;
 Nor sound nor stirring now.
 Hush, hark ! as from the centre of the deep—
 Shrieks—fiendish yells ! They stab them in their sleep !

XXX.

The scream of rage, the groan, the strife,
 The blow, the grasp, the horrid cry,
 The panting, throttled prayer for life,
 The dying's heaving sigh,
 The murderer's curse, the dead man's fixed, still glare,
 And fear's and death's cold sweat—they all are there !

XXXI.

On pale, dead men, on burning cheek,
 On quick, fierce eyes, brows hot and damp,
 On hands that with the warm blood reek,
 Shines the dim cabin lamp.
 Lee looked. "They sleep so sound," he laughing, said,
 "They'll scarcely wake for mistress or for maid."

XXXII

A crash ! They've forced the door,—and then
 One long, long, shrill, and piercing scream
 Comes thrilling through the growl of men
 'Tis her's !—O God, redeem
 From worse than death thy suffering, helpless child !
 That dreadful shriek again—sharp, sharp, and wild !

XXXIII.

It ceased.—with speed o' th' lightning's flash,
A loose-robed form, with streaming hair,
Shoots by.—A leap—a quick, short splash!
'T is gone!—There's nothing there!
The waves have swept away the bubbling tide.
Bright-crested waves, how calmly on they ride!

XXXIV.

She's sleeping in her silent cave,
Nor hears the stern, loud roar above,
Nor strife of man on land or wave.
Young thing! her home of love
She soon has reached!—Fair, unpolluted thing!
They harmed her not!—Was dying suffering?

XXXV.

O, no!—To live when joy was dead:
To go with one, lone, pining thought—
To mournful love her being wed—
Feeling what death had wrought;
To live the child of woe, yet shed no tear,
Bear kindness, and yet share no joy nor fear;

XXXVI.

To look on man, and deem it strange
That he on things of earth should brood,
When all its thronged and busied range
To her was solitude—
O this was bitterness! Death came and pressed
Her wearied lids, and brought her sick heart rest.

XXXVII.

Why look ye on each other so,
 And speak no word?—Ay, shake the head!
 She's gone where ye can never go.
 What fear ye from the dead?
 They tell no tales; and ye are all true men;
 But wash away that blood; then home, again!—

XXXVIII.

'T is on your souls; it will not out!
 Lee, why so lost? 'T is not like thee!
 Come, where thy revel, oath, and shout?
 "That pale one in the sea!—
 I mind not blood.—But she—I cannot tell!
 A spirit was 't?—it flashed like fires of hell!—

XXXIX.

"And when it passed there was no tread!
 It leapt the deck,—Who heard the sound?
 I heard none!—Say, what was it fled?—
 Poor girl!—And is she drowned?—
 Went down these depths? How dark they look, and
 cold!
 She's yonder! stop her!—Now!—there!—hold her
 hold!"

XL.

They gazed upon his ghastly face.
 "What ails thee, Lee; and why that glare?"
 "Look! ha, 't is gone, and not a trace!
 No, no, she was not there!—
 Who of you said ye heard her when she fell?
 'Twas strange!—I'll not be fooled!—Will no one tell?"

XLI.

He paused. And soon the wildness past.
 Then came the tingling flush of shame.
 Remorse and fear are gone as fast.
 "The silly thing's to blame
 To quit us so. 'T is plain she loved us not;
 Or she'd have stayed awhile, and shared my cot."

XLII

And then the ribald laughed. The jest
 Though old and foul, loud laughter drew;
 And fouler yet came from the rest
 Of that infernal crew.
 Note, heaven, their blasphemy, their broken trust!
 Lust panders murder—murder panders lust!

XLIII.

Now slowly up they bring the dead
 From out that silent, dim-lit room.
 No prayer at their quick burial said;
 No friend to weep their doom.
 The hungry waves have seized them one by one;
 And, swallowing down their prey, go roaring on.

XLIV.

Cries Lee, "We must not be betrayed.
 'T is but to add another corse!
 Strange words, 't is said, an ass once brayed:
 I'll never trust a horse!
 Out! throw him on the waves alive! He'll swim;
 For once a horse shall ride; we all ride him."

XLV.

Such sound to mortal ear ne'er came
As rang far o'er the waters wide.
It shook with fear the stoutest frame :
The horse is on the tide !
As the waves leave, or lift him up, his cry
Comes lower now, and now 't is near and high.

XLVI.

And through the swift wave's yesty crown
His scared eyes shoot a fiendish light,
And fear seems wrath. He now sinks down,
Now heaves again to sight,
Then drifts away ; and through the night they hear
Far off that dreadful cry.—But morn is near.

XLVII.

O, had'st thou known what deeds were done,
When thou wast shining far away,
Would'st thou let fall, calm-coming sun,
Thy warm and silent ray ?
The good are in their graves ; thou canst not cheer
Their dark, cold mansions : Sin alone is here.

XLVIII.

"The deed 's complete ! The gold is ours !
There, wash away that bloody stain !
Pray who 'd refuse what fortune showers ?
Now, lads, we 'll lot our gain.
Must fairly share, you know, what 's fairly got !
A truly good night's work ! Who says 't was not ?"

XLIX.

There's song and oath, and gaming deep,
Hot words, and laughter, mad carouse;
There's nought of prayer, and little sleep;
The devil keeps the house!

"Lee cheats!" cried Jack. Lee struck him to the heart.
"That's foul!" one muttered.—"Fool! you take your
part!—"

L.

"The fewer heirs the richer, man!
Hold forth thy palm, and keep thy prate!
Our life, we read, is but a span.
What matters, soon or late?"
And when on shore, and asked, Did many die?
"Near half my crew, poor lads!" he'd say and sigh.

LI.

Within our bay, one stormy night,
The isle-men saw boats make for shore,
With here and there a dancing light,
That flashed on men and oar.
When hailed, the rowing stopt, and all was dark.
"Ha! lantern-work!—We'll home! They're playing
shark!"

LII.

Next day, at noon-time, toward the town,
All stared and wondered much to see,
Mat and his men come strolling down.
The boys shout, "Here comes Lee!"
"I thy ship, good Lee?" "Not many leagues from shore
Our ship by chance took fire."—They learnt no more.

LIII.

He and his crew were flush of gold.
" You did not lose your cargo, then ? "
" Learn where all's fairly bought and sold,
Heaven prospers those true men.
Forsake your evil ways, as we forsook
Our ways of sin, and honest courses took !

LIV.

" Would'st see my log-book ? Fairly writ,
With pen of steel, and ink of blood !
How lightly doth the conscience sit !
Learn, truth's the only good."
And thus, with flout, and cold and impious jeer
He fled repentance, if he 'scaped not fear.

LV.

Remorse and fear he drowns in drink.
" Come, pass the bowl, my jolly crew !
It thickens the blood to mope and think.
Here's merry days, though few ! "
And then he quaffs.—So riot reigns within ;
So brawl and laughter snake that house of sin.

LVI.

Mat lords it now throughout the isle.
His hand falls heavier than before.
All dread alike his frown or smile.
None come within his door,
Save those who dipped their hands in blood with him ;
Save those who laughed to see the white horse swim.

LVII.

" To night's our anniversary ;
And, mind me, lads, we'll have it kept
With royal state and special glee !
Better with those who slept
Their sleep that night, had he be now, who slinks !
And health and wealth to him who bravely drinks !"

LVIII.

The words they speak, we may not speak.
The tales they tell, we may not tell.
Mere mortal man, forbear to seek
The secrets of that hell !
Their shouts grow loud :—'Tis near mid-hour of night
What means upon the waters that red light ?

LIX.

Not bigger than a star it seems :
And, now, 'tis like the bloody moon :
And, now, it shoots in hairy streams
Its light !—'Twill reach us soon.
A ship ! and all on fire !—hull, yards, and masts !
Her sheets are sheets of flame !—She's nearing fast !

LX.

And now she rides upright and still,
Shedding a wild and lurid light
Around the cove, on inland hill,
Waking the gloom of night.
All breathes of terror ! men, in dumb amaze,
Gaze on each other 'neath the horrid blaze.

LXI.

It scares the sea-birds from their nests;
They dart and wheel with deaf'ning screams;
Now dark,—and now their wings and breasts
Flash back disastrous gleams.
O, sin, what hast thou done on this fair earth?
The world, O man, is wailing o'er thy birth.

LXII.

And what comes up above the wave,
So ghastly white?—A spectral head!—
A horse's head!—(May heaven save
Those looking on the dead,—
The waking dead!) There, on the sea, he stands—
The Spectre-Horse! He moves; he gains the sands

LXIII.

Onward he speeds. His ghostly sides
Are streaming with a cold, blue light.
Heaven keep the wits of him who rides
The spectre-horse to-night!
His path is shining like a swift ship's wake;
Before Lee's door he gleams like day's grey break.

LXIV.

The revel now is high within;
It breaks upon the midnight air.
They little think, 'mid mirth and din,
What spirit waits them there:
As if the sky became a voice, there spread
A sound to appal the living, stir the dead.

LXV.

The spirit-steed sent up the neigh.
 It seemed the living trump of hell,
 Sounding to call the damned away,
 To join the host that fell.
 It ran along the vaulted sky : the shore
 Jarred hard, as when the thronging surges roar.

LXVI.

It rang in ears that knew the sound ;
 And hot, flushed cheeks are blanched with fear.
 And why does Lee look wildly round ?
 Thinks he the drowned horse near ?
 He drops his cup—his lips are stiff with fright.
 Nay, sit thee down ! It is thy banquet night.

LXVII.

" I cannot sit. I needs must go :
 The spell is on my spirit now.
 I go to dread—I go to woe !"
 O, who so weak as thou,
 Strong man !—His hoofs upon the door-stone, see,
 The shadow stands !—His eyes are on thee, Lee !

LXVIII.

Thy hair pricks up !—" O, I must bear
 His damp, cold breath ! It chills my frame !
 His eyes—their near and dreadful glare
 Speak that I must not name !"
 Thou'rt mad to mount that horse !—" A power within,
 I must obey—cries, " Mount thee, man of sin !"

LXIX.

He's now upon the spectre's back,
With rein of silk, and curb of gold.
'Tis fearful speed!—the rein is slack
Within his senseless hold ;
Upborne by an unseen power, he onward rides,
Yet touches not the shadow-beast he strides.

LXX.

He goes with speed : he goes with dread !
And now they're on the hanging steep !
And, now ! the living and the dead,
They'll make the horrid leap !
The horse stops short :—his feet are on the verge.
He stands, like marble, high above the surge.

LXXI.

And, nigh, the tall ship yet burns on,
With red, hot spars and crackling flame.
From hull to gallant, nothing's gone.
She burns, and yet's the same.
Her hot, red flame is beating, all the night,
On man and horse, in their cold, phosphor light.

LXXII.

Through that cold light the fearful man
Sits looking on the burning ship.
He ne'er again will curse and ban.
How fast he moves the lip !
And yet he does not speak, or make a sound.
What see you, Lee ? the bodies of the drowned

LXXIII.

"I look, where mortal man may not—
 Into the chambers of the deep.
 I see the dead, long, long forgot;
 I see them in their sleep.
 A dreadful power is mine, which none can know,
 Save he who leagues his soul with death and woe."

LXXIV.

Thou mild, sad mother—waning moon,
 Thy last low, melancholy ray
 Shines towards him.—Quit him not so soon!
 Mother, in mercy, stay!
 Despair and death are with him; and canst thou
 With that kind, earthward look, go leave him now?

LXXV.

O, thou wast born for things of love;
 Making more lovely in thy shine
 Whate'er thou lookest on. Hosts above,
 In that soft light of thine,
 But softer;—earth, in silvery veil, seems heaven.
 Thou'rt going down!—hast left him unforgiven!

LXXVI.

The far, low west is bright no more.
 How still it is! No sound is heard
 At sea, or all along the shore,
 But cry of passing bird.
 Thou living thing! and dar'st thou come so near
 These wild and ghastly shapes of death and fear?

LXXVII.

Now, long that thick red light has shone
On stern, dark rocks, and deep, still bay,
On man and horse that seem of stone,
So motionless are they.

But now its lurid fire less fiercely burns :
The night is going—faint, grey dawn returns.

LXXVIII.

That spectre-steed now slowly pales ;
Now changes like the moonlit cloud ;
That cold, thin light, now slowly fails,
Which wrapt them like a shroud.

Both ship and horse are fading into air.—
Lost, 'mazed, alone, see, Lee is standing there !

LXXIX.

The morning air blows fresh on him ;
The waves dance gladly in his sight ;
The sea-birds call, and wheel and skim—
O, blessed morning light !

He doth not hear their joyous call ; he sees
No beauty in the wave ; nor feels the breeze.

LXXX.

For he's accursed from all that's good ;
He ne'er must know its healing power.
The sinner on his sins must brood,
And wait, alone, his hour.

A stranger to earth's beauty—human love,
'There's here no rest for him, no hope above !

LXXXI.

The hot sun beats upon his head.
He stands beneath its broad, fierce blaze,
As stiff and cold as one that's dead :
A troubled, dreamy maze
Of some unearthly horror, all he knows—
Of some wild horror past, and coming woes.

LXXXII.

The gull has found her place on shore ;
The sun gone down again to rest ;
And all is still but ocean's roar :
There stands the man unblest.
But, see ! he moves—he turns, as asking where
His mates ! Why looks he with that piteous stare ?

LXXXIII.

Go, get thee home, and end thy mirth !
Go, call the revellers again !
They're fled the isle ; and o'er the earth
Are wanderers, like Cain.
As he his door-stone past, the air blew chill.
The wine is on the board : Lee, take thy fill !

LXXXIV.

“ There's none to meet me, none to cheer :
The seats are empty—lights burnt out ;
And I alone, must sit me here :
Would I could hear their shout ! ”
He ne'er shall hear it more—more taste his wine !
Silent he sits within the still moonshine.

LXXXV.

Day came again; and up he rose,
A weary man from his lone board;
Nor merry feast, nor sweet repose
Did that long night afford.
No shadowy-coming night to bring him rest—
No dawn, to chase the darkness of his breast!

LXXXVI.

He walks within the day's full glare
A darkened man. Where'er he comes,
All shun him. Children peep and stare;
Then frightened, seek their homes.
Through all the crowd a thrilling horror ran.
They point and say—"There goes the wicked man!"

LXXXVII.

He turns, and curses in his wrath
Both man and child; then hastes away
Shoreward, or takes some gloomy path;
But there he cannot stay:
Terror and madness drive him back to men;
His hate of man to solitude again.

LXXXVIII.

Time passes on, and he grows bold—
His eye is fierce, his oaths are loud;
None dare from Lee the hand withhold;
He rules and scoffs the crowd.
But still at heart there lies a secret fear;
For now the year's dread round is drawing near.

LXXXIX.

He swears, but he is sick at heart ;
He laughs, but he turns deadly pale ;
His restless eye and sudden start—
These tell the dreadful tale
That will be told : it needs no words from thee,
Thou self-sold slave to fear and misery.

XC.

Bond-slave of sin, see there—that light !
“ Ha ! take me—take me from its blaze ! ”
Nay, thou must ride the steed to-night !
But other weary days
And nights must shine and darken o’er thy head,
Ere thou shalt go with him to meet the dead.

XCI.

Again the ship lights all the land ;
Again Lee strides the spectre-beast ;
Again upon the cliff they stand,
This once he’ll be released !—
Gone horse and ship ; but Lee’s last hope is o’er ;
Nor laugh, nor scoff, nor rage, can help him more.

XCII.

His spirit heard that spirit say,
“ Listen !—I twice have come to thee.
Once more—and then a dreadful way !
And thou must go with me ! ”
Ay, cling to earth as sailor to the rock !
Sca-swept, sucked down in the tremendous shock,

XCIII.

He goes !—So thou must loose thy hold,
 And go with Death ; nor breathe the balm
 Of early air, nor light behold,
 Nor sit thee in the calm
 Of gentle thoughts, where good men wait their close
 In life, or death, where look'st thou for repose ?

XCIV.

Who's sitting on that long, black ledge,
 Which makes so far out in the sea,
 Feeling the kelp-weed on its edge ?
 Poor, idle Matthew Lee !
 So weak and pale ? A year and little more.
 And bravely did he lord it round this shore !

XCV.

And on the shingles now he sits,
 And rolls the pebbles 'neath his hands ;
 Now walks the beach ; then stops by fits,
 And scores the smooth, wet sands ;
 Then tries each cliff, and cove, and jut, that bounds
 The isle ; then home from many weary rounds.

XCVI.

They ask him why he wanders so,
 From day to day, the uneven strand ?
 " I wish, I wish that I might go !
 But I would go by land :
 And there's no way that I can find—I've tried
 All day and night !" —He seaward looked and sighed.

XCVII.

It brought the tear to many an eye,
That, once, his eye had made to quail.
"Lee, go with us; our sloop is nigh:
Come help us hoist our sail."
He shook.--"You know the spirit-horse I ride!
He'll let me on the sea with none beside!"

XCVIII.

He views the ships that come and go,
Looking so like to living things.
O! 'tis a proud and gallant show
Of bright and broad-spread wings,
Making it light around them, as they keep
Their course right onward through the unsounded deep.

XCIX.

And where the far-off sand-bars lift
Their backs in long and narrow line,
The breakers shout, and leap, and shift,
And send the sparkling brine
Into the air; then rush to mimic strife;—
Glad creatures of the sea, and full of life!—

C.

But not to Lee. He sits alone;
No fellowship nor joy for him.
Borne down by woe, he makes no moan,
Though tears will sometimes dim
That asking eye.—O, how his worn thoughts crave—
Not joy again, but rest within the grave.

CI.

The rocks are dripping in the mist
That lies so heavy off the shore ;
Scarce seen the running breakers ;—list
Their dull and smothered roar !
Lee harkens to their voice.—“ I hear, I hear
You call.—Not yet !—I know my time is near !”

CII.

And now the mist seems taking shape,
Forming a dim, gigantic ghost,—
Enormous thing !—There’s no escape ;
’Tis close upon the coast.
Lee kneels, but cannot pray.—Why mock him so ?
The ship has cleared the fog, Lee, see her go !

CIII.

A sweet, low voice, in starry nights,
Chants to his ear a plaining song ;
Its tones come winding up the heights,
Telling of woe and wrong ;
And he must listen till the stars grow dim,
The song that gentle voice doth sing to him.

CIV.

O, it is sad that aught so mild
Should bind the soul with bands of fear ;
That strains to soothe a little child,
The man should dread to hear !
But sin hath broke the world’s sweet peace—unstrung
The harmonious chords to which the angels sung.

CV.

In thick, dark nights he'd take his seat
High up the cliffs, and feel them shake,
As swung the sea with heavy beat
Below—and hear it break
With savage roar, then pause and gather strength,
And then, come tumbling in its swollen length.

CVI.

But he no more shall haunt the bench,
Nor sit upon the tall cliff's crown,
Nor go the round of all that reach,
Nor feebly sit him down,
Watching the swaying weeds:—another day,
And he'll have gone far hence that dreadful way.

CVII.

To night the charmed number 's told.
"Twice have I come for thee," It said.
"Once more, and none shall thee behold.
Come! live one, to the dead!"—
So hears his soul, and fears the coming night;
Yet sick and weary of the soft, calm light.

CVIII.

Again he sits within that room;
All day he leans at that still board,
None to bring comfort to his gloom,
Or speak a friendly word.
Weakened with fear, lone, haunted by remorse,
Poor, shattered wretch, there waits he that pale horse.

CIX.

Not long he waits. Where now are gone
 Peak, citadel, and tower, that stood
 Beautiful, while the west sun shone,
 And bathed them in his flood
 Of airy glory?—Sudden darkness fell;
 And down they went, peak, tower, citadel.

CX.

The darkness, like a dome of stone,
 Ceils up the heavens.—'Tis hush as death—
 All but the ocean's dull, low moan.
 How hard Lee draws his breath!
 He shudders as he feels the working Power.
 Arouse thee, Lee! up! man thee for thine hour!

CXI.

'Tis close at hand; for there, once more,
 The burning ship. Wide sheets of flame
 And shafted fire she showed before;—
 Twice thus she hither came;—
 But now she rolls a naked hull and throws
 A wasting light; then, settling, down she goes.

CXII.

And where she sank, up slowly came
 The Spectre-Horse from out the sea.
 And there he stands! His pale sides flame.
 He'll meet thee shortly, Lee.
 He treads the waters as a solid floor:
 He's moving on. Lee waits him at the door.

CXIII.

They 're met.—“ I know thou com'st for me,”
 Lee's spirit to the spectre said ;
 “ I know that I must go with thee—
 Take me not to the dead,
 It was not I alone that did the deed !”
 Dreadful the eye of that still, spectral steed !

CXIV.

Lee cannot turn. There is a force
 In that fixed eye which holds him fast.
 How still they stand ;—the man and horse.
 “ Thine hour is almost past.”
 “ O, spare me,” cries the wretch, “ thou fearful One !”
 “ My time is full—I must not go alone.”

CXV.

“ I'm weak and faint. O, let me stay !”
 “ Nay, murderer, rest nor stay for thee !”
 The horse and man are on their way ;
 He bears him to the sea.
 Hark ! how the spectre breathes through this still night !
 See, from his nostrils streams a deathly light !

CXVI.

He's on the beach ; but stops not there ;
 He's on the sea !—that dreadful horse !
 Lee flings and writhes in wild despair !—
 In vain ! The spirit-corse
 Holds him by fearful spell ;—he cannot leap.
 Within that horrid light he rides the deep.

CXVII.

It lights the sea around their track—
The curling comb, and dark steel wave :
There, yet, sits Lee the Spectre's back—
Gone ! gone ! and none to save !
They're seen no more ; the night has shut them in.
May heaven have pity on thee, man of sin !

CXVIII.

The earth has washed away its stain ;
The sealed up sky is breaking forth,
Mustering its glorious hosts again,
From the far south and north ;
The climbing moon plays on the rippling sea.
— O, whither on its waters rideth Lee ?

THE CHANGES OF HOME.

—If it be life to wear within myself
This barrenness of spirit, and to be
My own soul's sepulchre.

Byron.

For hours she sat; and evermore her eye
Was busy in the distance, shaping things
That made her heart beat quick.

Wordsworth

Pine not away for that which cannot be.

The Pinner of Wakefield.

The Vale was beautiful; and, when a child,
I felt its sunny peace come warm and mild
To my young heart. Within high hills it slept,
Which o'er its rest their silent watches kept,
And gave it kindly shelter, as it lay
Like a fair, happy infant in its play.
The dancing leaves, the grain that gently bent
In early light, as soft winds o'er it went;
The new-fledged, panting bird, in low, short flight,
That filled my little bosom with delight,
Yet mixed with fear, lest that some unseen harm
Should spoil its just-born joy—all these a charm

Threw round my morn of being. Here I've stood,
Where from its covert in the thick boughed wood,
The slender rill leaped forth, with its small voice,
Into the light, as seeming to rejoice
That it was free; and then it coursed away,
With grass and reeds, and pebbles holding play.

It seemed the Vale of Youth!—of youth untried,
Youth in its innocence, and in its pride—
In its new life delighted; free from fears
And griefs, and burdens, borne on coming years.

Such was the Vale. And then within it played
Edward, a child, and Jane, a little maid.
I see them now no more, where once they stood
Beside the brook, or 'neath the sloping wood.
The brook flows lonely on; o'er mimic mound
No longer made to leap with fairy bound.
Then, as they built the little dam and mill,
Their tongues went prattling with the prattling rill,
As if the babes and stream were playmates three,
With cheerful hearts, and singing merrily.
The tiny labor's o'er; the song is done
The children sang; the rill sings on alone.

How like eternity doth nature seem
To life of man—that short and fitful dream!
I look around me; no where can I trace
Lines of decay that mark our human race.
These are the murmuring waters, these the flowers
I mused o'er in my earlier, better hours.
Like sounds and scents of yesterday they come.—
Long years have past since this was last my home!

And I am weak, and toil-worn is my frame ;
 But all the vale shuts in is still the same :
 'Tis I alone am changed ; they know me not :
 I feel a stranger, or as one forgot.

The breeze that cooled my warm and youthful brow,
 Breathes the same freshness on its wrinkles now.
 The leaves that flung around me sun and shade,
 While gazing idly on them as they played,
 Are holding yet their frolic in the air ;
 The motion, joy, and beauty still are there—
 But not for me ! I look upon the ground :
 Myriads of happy faces throng me round,
 Familiar to my eye ; yet heart and mind
 In vain would now the old communion find.
 Ye were as living, conscious beings, then,
 With whom I talked—but I have talked with men !
 With uncheered sorrow, with cold hearts have met ;
 Seen honest minds by hardened craft beset ;
 Seen hope cast down, turn deathly pale its glow ;
 Seen virtue rare, but more of virtue's show.

Yet there was one true heart : that heart was thine,
 Fond Emmeline—O God ! it once was mine.
 It beats no more. That fierce and cruel blow,
 It struck me down, it laid my spirit low !
 No feeble grief that sobs itself to rest,
 Benumbing grief, and horrors filled my breast :
 Dark death, and sorrow dark, and terror blind—
 They made my soul to quail, they shook my mind—
 O ! all was wild—wild as the driving wild.

The storm went o'er me. Once again I stand
 Amid God's works—his broad and lovely land.

It is not what it was—no, not to me
I cannot feel, though lovely all I see ;
A void is in my soul ; my heart is dry :
They touch me not—these things of earth and sky.
E'en grief hath left me now ; my nerves are steel ;
Dim, pangless dreams my thoughts :—Would I could
feel !

O, look on me in kindness, sky and earth ;
We were companions almost from my birth.
Yet once more stir within me that pure love,
Which went with me by fountain, hill and grove.
Delights I ask not of ye ; let me weep
Over your beauties ; let your spirit sweep
Across this dull, still desert of the mind ;
O, let me with you some small comfort find.
The world, the world has stript me of my joy.
Bless me once more ; ye blest me when a boy.

Where are the human faces that I knew ?
All changed ; and even of the changed how few !
No tongue to give me welcome, bid me rest,
In sounds to stir the heart, like one new blest.
'There stands my home—no more my home ; and they
Who loved me so—they, too, have past away.
The sun lies on the door-sill, where my book
I daily read, and fitted line and hook,
And shaped my bow ; or dreamed myself a knight
By lady loved, by champion feared in fight.
—Gone's thy fantastic dream ; thy lance is broke,
Thy helmet cleft !—No knight that struck the stroke.
'Twas Time, who his strong hand upon thee laid,
Unhorsed thee, boy, and spoiled thee of thy maid.

Thus stood I yesterday ; and years far gone,
Present and coming years to me were one ;
And long have been so ; for the musing see
Inward, and time they make eternity ;
Or put the present distant, till it blends
With sad, past thoughts, or bright ones that hope sends.

While dreaming so, I saw an aged man
Draw near. He bowed and spoke ; and I began—

“ Canst tell me, friend, I pray, whose home may be
The ancient house beneath that old grey tree ? ”

“ They are a stranger race ; and since they came
We’ve learned but little. Spencer is the name.
’Twas rumored round they better days had known ;
And we, in pity, would have kindness shown—
Kindness of fellowship ; not proffered aid,
To be with forced and humbling thanks repaid.
We saw they liked it not. A show of scorn
Was in their smile. O ! they were higher born ;
And sought out our retirement where to hide
Their fortune’s fall.”

“ They should have hid their pride ;
Should have subdued it rather. ’Tis a thorn
That frets the heart ; a chain it is that’s worn
On man’s free motions, making him the slave
Of those he hates, because he dares not brave ;—
The shrewd man’s sober scorn, the idler’s jeer ;
Bound to the shame of which he lives in fear.”

"Ay! on its neighbour, too, it shuts the door,
As that is shut. It was not so before;
For there, with wife and son, did Dalton dwell.
'Twas cheerful welcome then and kind farewell;
Farewell so kind—that dwelt so on the heart,
You'd wish to meet, were 't but again to part.
—The pair within the silent grave are laid."

"But he, their son? They had a son, you said?"

"A rich relation saw the boy had mind.
'Such minds a market in the world must find;'—
So said he:—'And the boy must learning have;
For learning, power, and wealth and honors gave.'
'Mind and a market!—Will he sell the child
As slaves are sold?' they ask. The uncle smiled.
'And does not Nathan teach to read and write,
To spell and cipher—letters to indite?
What's learning, then, that he must needs go seek
So far from home?' 'They call it Latin—Greek.'
Wisely all farther question they forebore,
And looked profound, though puzzled as before.

"The years past on. Kind, frequent letters came,
Which showed the man and boy in heart the same;
By a hard world not hardened, nor yet vain
That much he knew, nor proud with all his gain.
And he his own green vale would see again,
And playmate boys, now turned to thoughtful men.
But ere the time, a fever, like a blast,
Swept through the vale; and fearful, sudden, fast,
It struck down young and old. To see them fall,
But not the hand that smote them, shook us all,

It took the parents in their hopes and joy—
They went, and never saw again their boy."

"But he?"

"Within his grief there lived a power,
Withheld him—that withholds him to this hour.
Though of his marriage first there went a tale,
Yet soon a mournful story reached our vale.
A cloud shut out the light that brightly shone,
Set him in darkness, sorrowing and alone.
Thy cheek is sudden pale! thine eye is dim!
Thou art not well!"

"Nay, on! say, what of him?"

"No more is known. Time has assuaging balm;
And time the tossing of the mind can calm.
But there's a silent grief that know's no close,
Till death has laid us down to long repose.
That sleep may now be his; or he may go
In search of rest, no rest on earth to know.

"But why so sad? Why should a stranger grieve
When strangers mourn? O! all must mourn who live!"

"Thou sayest true. And grief makes strangers kin.
'Tis thine from crime and sorrow man to win,
To preach, woe came with sin—was kindly given
To touch our hearts and lead us back to heaven:—
For such thy garb bespeaks thee; and though old,
Thine air, thy talk seems lowly to unfold
One who within this vale, in manhood's prime,
Lifted the lowly-soul to thoughts sublime."

“And, stranger, who art thou, that in such tones,
Greet'st me as one who old acquaintance owns?
Thy face is as a book I cannot read;
Nor does thy voice my spirit backward lead,
Stirring old thoughts.”

“Nay, nay, thou look'st in vain!
This face—it bears the sea's and desert's stain;
And yet, both boy and man, I'm in thy mind.
Canst nothing here of Harry Dalton find?”

He looked again. A gleam of joy arose,
An instant gleam, then sank in sad repose;
For lines he saw of trouble, more than age—
That words of grief were written on the page.
Then laughing eyes and cheeks of youthful glow
Came to his mind, and grief that it was so
That joy and youth so soon away should go.

He gave his hand, but nothing either said,
And slowly turning, homeward silent led.

At our repast words few and low we spoke:
Silence, it seemed, not lightly to be broke,
But soon upon our thoughtful minds there stole,
Converse that gently won the saddened soul.

Then towards the village we together walked,
And of old friends and places much we talked.
And who had died, who left them he would tell;
And who still in their fathers' mansions dwell.

We reached a shop. No lettered sign displayed
The owner's name or told the world his trade.
But on its door cracked, rusty hinges swung ;
And there a hook or well worn horse-shoe hung.
The trough was dry ; the bellows gave no blast ;
The hearth was cold ; no sparks flew red and fast ;
Labor's strong arm had rested. Where was he,
Brawny and bare, who toiled, and sang so free ?

But soon we came where sat an aged man.
His thin and snow-white locks the breezes fan,
While he his long staff fingered as he spoke
In sounds so low, they scarce the stillness broke.

" Good father !" said my guide. He raised his head,
As asking who had spoke ; yet nothing said.
" The present is a dream to his worn brain ;
And yet his mind does things long past retain."

My friend then questioned him of former days,
Mingling with what he asked some little praise.
His old eyes cleared ; a smile around them played,
As on my friend his shaking hand he laid,
And spoke of early prowess. Friends he named ;
And some he praised :—they were but a few he blamed.

" Dost thou remember Dalton ?" asked my guide.

" Dalton ? Full well ! His little son beside.—
A waggish boy !—It will not from my thought—
His curious look as I my iron wrought.
And, as the fiery mass took shape, his smile
Made me forget my labor for awhile.

Before he left us, and when older grown,
He told of one who out from heaven was thrown,
Who forged huge bolts of thunder when he fell;
One-eyed his workmen, and his shop a hell;
So, called me Vulcan."

"Vulcan;—John! art thou?
What! long-armed John, with moist and smutty brow?"

He gazed on me, half wondering and half lost.
Something it could not grasp his mind had crossed
A moment's struggle in his face betrayed
The effort of the brain; and then he said,
Eager and quick—"What! come?—Where, where's
the boy?

And looks the same? 'Twill give his parents joy?"
Then talked he to himself. His eyes grew dead;
He felt his hands; nor did he raise his head,
Nor miss us as we parted, on our way
Along the street where the close village lay.

To pass the doors where I had welcomed been,
And none but unknown voices hear within;
Strange, wondering faces at those windows see,
Once lightly tapped, and then a nod for me!—
To walk full cities, and yet feel alone—
From day to day to listen to the moan
Of mourning trees—'twas sadder here unknown:

The village past, we came where stood aloof
An aged cot with low and broken roof.
The sun upon its walls in quiet slept;
Close by its door the stream in silence crept;

No rustling birds were heard among the trees,
Which high and silent stood as slept the breeze.
The cot wide open ; yet there came no sound
Of busy steps ;—'twas all in stillness bound ;
Awful, yet lovely stillness, as a spell,
On this sweet rest and mellow sunshine fell.

And there, at the low door so fixed is one,
As if for years she'd borne with rain and sun,
All mindless of herself, and lost in thought
Which to her soul a far-off image brought.
About her shoulders hangs her long, white hair ;
She clasps the post with fingers pale and spare,
And forward leans.

“ What sees she in those hills ? ”

“ 'Tis a vain fancy that her vision fills.
Or, rather, nothing sees she : Hope delayed,
Worn, feeble hope, which long her mind has swayed—
Born and to die in grief—the hope she knows ;
Something gathered, midst her cherished woes,
From sad remembrances, from wishes vain—
A fiction of the mind to ease its pain.”

“ Her name, I pray thee ! ”

“ Dost thou wish to hear
Of two true lovers, Jane, and Edward Vere ? ”

“ What, she ! and look so old ? And can it be
That woe has done so well time's work with thee ! ”

"It struck her in her youth, as doth the blast
The opening flower; and then she withered fast."

"I fain would know her story."

"Soon 'tis told—

Simple though sad; no mystery to unfold,
Save that one great, dread mystery—the mind,
Which thousands seek, but few in part can find.

"We'll rest us here, beneath this broad tree's
shade;
The sun is hot upon the open glade."

"A little farther! Let us not obtrude
Upon her sorrows' holy solitude."

"She marks us not: The curious passer-by,
Children who pause, and know not why they sigh—
Unheeded all by that fixed, gleamy eye.
But to her story.

"She and that fair boy
Shared with each other childhood's griefs and joy.
Their studies one. Then, as they homeward went
With busy looks, on little schemes intent,
Their earnest, happy voices might be heard
Along the lane where sang the evening bird.
—Why should I speak of what you know so well?
What chanced when you had left us let me tell.

"Time changes innocence to virtue strong,
Or mars the man with passions foul and wrong.

To warm and new emotions time gives life,
Fluttering the heart in strange yet pleasing strife,
Filling the quickened mind with visions fair—
Hues like bright clouds, that rest, like clouds on air,
Deepening each feeling of the impassioned soul,
Round one loved object gathering then the whole.
So deepened, strengthened, formed, the love that grew
From childhood up, and bound in one the two.
So opened their fresh hearts, as to the sun
The young buds open : life was just begun.
For this it is to live—the stir to feel
Of hopes, fears, wishes, sadness, joy—the zeal
Which bands us one in life, death, woe and weal
And life it is, when a soft, inward sense
Pervades our being, when we draw from hence
Delights unutterable, thoughts that throw
Unearthly brightness round this world below ;
Making each common day, each common thing,
Something peculiar to our spirit bring.”

I saw in him a gentler sense that played
’Mid saddened thoughts on this once young, fair maid,
As plays the little child, unconscious why
The rich, black pall, and that long tremulous sigh.

“ Thy talk of love,” said I, “ restores thy youth.
’Tis true, decay, nor age awaits on truth ;
And he who keeps a simple heart and kind,
May something there of early feelings find.
For in all innocent and tender hearts
A spirit dwells that cheerful thoughts imparts ;
’Mong sorrows, sunny blessings it bestows
On those who think upon another’s woes.”

My friend went on.

“At length drew near the time
That he must travel to some distant clime
In search of gain. ‘A few short years away,’
He fondly said, ‘and then the happy day;
And long, bright days—all bright, without a cloud!’—
They never came; and he is in his shroud.
She gazed up in his hopeful face and tried
To share his hope; then hung on him and sighed.
Her cheek turned pale, and her dark eye grew dim;
And then through tears again she looked on him.
In his full, clear, blue eye an answering tear
Spoke comfort; for it told that she was dear—
That love was strong as hope; that though it grew
Mid thoughts less sad than her’s, ’twas no less true,
And that in his bold, free, and cheerful mind,
Her timid love its home would always find.

“The last day came—a long, sad, silent day,
It shone on two sick hearts. He must away.
Ah! then he felt how hard it is to go
From one so dear, and leave to lonely woe
A spirit yearning for its place of rest,
Of kindly sympathies—a lover’s breast.

“And he is gone far o’er the foaming wave.
‘Spare him the dark, wild waters! Heaven him save!’
So prayed she; and the earnest prayer was heard.
A year past by; he came before the third.

“Then from the sealed up heart, joy gushed once
more,

For he had come—come from the stranger's shore,
To his own vale, and through the ocean's roar.

“ Ah ! sweet it is, to gaze upon the face
Long seen but by the mind, to fondly trace
Each look and smile again. 'Tis life renewed—
How fresh ! How dim was that by memory viewed !
And, oh, how pines the soul ; how doth it crave
Only a moment's look ! 'Tis in the grave—
That lovely face ; no more to bliss thine eyes.
Nay, wait, thou'lt meet it soon in yonder skies.

“ The throbbing pulse beats calm again ; and they,
Too deeply happy to be loud or gay,
Through all their childhood's walks—the lane, the
grove—

Along the silvery rill, would slowly move,
Ming'ling their hopes' bright lights, with soft'ning shades
That memory threw 'mong hill tops, streams, and
glades ;

For love is meditative ; close it clings,
And thoughtful, to earth's simple, silent things.

“ And thus they wandered ; nearer heart to heart ;
For they had known how hard it is to part ;
To live in love, yet no communion hold—
Day following day, yet all we feel untold.

“ And she would listening sit, and bear him speak
Of fierce and tawny Turk, and handsome Greek,
Of the young crescent moon on sullen brow—
The cross of Christ profaned and made to bow.

—And what! Shall he who hung above our head
 That gentle light, see that whereon he bled,
 Bend to the image of the thing he framed?
 'Throng to the cross! Our Saviour's cross is shamed!

"He spoke of men of far more distant climes,
 Their idol worship stained with fearful crimes;
 Of manners strange and dresses quaint would tell;
 But most upon the sea he loved to dwell—
 Its deep, mysterious voice, its maddened roar,
 Its tall, strong waves, the white foam, and the shore,
 The curse that on its gloomy spirit hung—
 'Thou ne'er shalt sleep!'—through all its chambers
 rung;
 Till closer to his side she'd trembling draw,
 As if some dim and fearful thing she saw;—
 So would this awful mystery fold her round:
 She quailed as though she heard the very sound.

" 'And must you on the heaving sea again—
 Mighty destroyer, deep, broad grave of men?'
 'This once!' said he,—'no more!'—She raised her
 eyes

To his.—Her voice upon her pale lip dies.
 Her first-felt sorrow came upon her mind,
 And back she shrunk, as shrinks he whom they doom
 Once more upon the rack—poor, weakened wretch
 Save him!—O, not again its fiery stretch!

"Sharp our first pangs; but in our minds is power
 Our hearts beat strong, and fit us for the strife

A joyous sense still breathes amid our grief,
As shoots, in drooping boughs, a tender leaf.
But when woe comes again, our spirits yield,
Our hearts turn faint, we cannot lift the shield;
There is no strength in all our bones; we fall,
And call for mercy—trembling, prostrate, call.

“The sun was down, and softened was the glow
On cloud and hill—but now a joyous show.
Quiet the air. Its light the young moon sent
On this sad pair as up the vale they went.
—O! gentle is thy silver ray, fair moon.
Meet guide art thou for those to part so soon.
There's pity in thy look; and we below
Do love thee most, who feel the touch of woe.

“And up among the distant hills are they,
To meet the weekly coach upon its way.
They lingered till was heard a rumbling sound,
Which spread between the hills that lay around.
Soon rung the smart cracked whip; and then the cheer
And quick, sharp tramp told the strong steeds were
near.

'Twas one imploring look; and then she fell
Upon his neck; they uttered no farewell—
One short, convulsive clasp, one heart-sick groan—
No other look—that one, weak, bitter moan,—
And then her arms fell from him.—All is o'er!
Poor woe-struck girl, she never clasped him more!

“The coach which bore him sank behind the hill.
The short, quick bustle past, the earth is still;

The agony is over ; a dull haze
Hangs round her mind—upon the void her gaze.
A fearful calm is on that fair, sad brow !
O ! who shall gently part its dark locks now,
Or press its saintly whiteness ?—He is gone,
Who, blessing, kissed thee ;—thou must go alone ;
Alone must bear thy sorrows many an hour,
Widowed of all thy hopes—thy grief thy dower !

“ She sought amid her daily cares for ease,
To lose all sense of self, and others please.
The heart lay heavy. With her grief was fear.
She thought a gloomy something always near,
That o’er her like a mighty prophet stood,
Uttering her doom—‘ For thee no more of good !
Thy joys are withered round thee ! Read the date
Of all thy hopes !—Thou art set desolate ! ’

“ A year went by. Another came and past.
‘ This third,’ her friends would say, ‘ must be the last :
Spake of his coming, then, and how he’d look.
She turned more pale ; her head she slowly shook,
And something muttered, as in talk with one
Whom no one saw ;—then said—‘ It must be done ! ’

“ And when the tale was told, the ship had sailed,
That nothing more was known—that hope had failed ;
‘ It is fulfilled ! ’ she said—Prophetic Power,
Thou told’st me true !—’T is come—the fated hour ! ’

“ Her look was now like cold and changeless stone.
She left her home, for she would be alone ;

Wandered the fields all o'er; and up the hill
 Where last they parted, stood at morning still,
 And far along that region gazed, as she
 In the blue distance saw the moving sea;
 And of the far-off mountain-mist would frame
 Long spars, and sails, and give the lost ship's name
 And watch with glee, to see how fast it neared;
 Grow restless then--' It ne'er will come,' she feared.

" Soon rolls the mist away; and she is left,
 Of sea, ship, lover, shaping hopes bereft.
 Through glistening tears she'd look, and see them go;
 Then to the vale, to dwell upon her woe,
 And listen to the dark pine's murmuring,
 Thinking the spirit of the sea did sing
 Its sad, low song:—for 'Such,' would Edward say,
 ' Its mourning tones, where long sand-beaches lay.'

" But when through naked trees the strong wind
 went,
 Boaring and fierce, and their tossed arms were rent
 With sullen mutterings, then a moaning sigh—
 ' Hear them!' she'd shriek,—' The waves run moun-
 tains high!—
 They're mad!—They shake he in their wrath—She's
 down!—
 —Went to the bottom, said they?—Did all drown?—
 He told me he would come, and I should be
 His own, own wife!—There's mercy in the sea!'

" The spring was come again.—There is a grief
 Finds soothing in the bud, and bird, and leaf.

A grief there is of deeper, withering power,
That feels death lurking in the springing flower—
That stands beneath the sun, yet circled round
By a strange darkness—stands amid the sound
Of happy things, and yet in silence bound ;—
Moves in a fearful void amid the throng,
And deems that happy nature does it wrong ;
Thinks joy unkind ; feels it must walk alone,
That not on earth is one to hear its moan,
Or bring assuaging sympathies, or bind
A broken heart, or cheer a desert mind.
—And thus she walks in silent loneliness.
Sounds come, and lovely sights around her press ;
Yet all in vain ! She something sees and hears,
But feels not—dead to pangs, to joys, to fears ;
Nor wishes aught. The mind all waste and worn,
Lives but to faintly know itself forlorn ;
Remembrance of past joys well nigh forgot,
As if one changeless gloom had been her lot ;
And, sure, had thought it strange that there should be
Blessings in store for one so poor as she.

“ She wandered in this dull and fearful mood,
A shadow 'mong the shadows of the wood ;
Would sit the live-long day and watch the stream,
And pore, when shed the moon its fainter beam.
In dreamy thought, upon the dreamy light.—
How few, of grief have felt, can feel the might !

“ Season of thought ! The leaves are dropping now,
Tawny or red, from off their parent bough.

Nor longer plays their glossy green in air,
Over thy slender form and long dark hair.
Myriads of gay ones fluttered over thee ;—
Thou now look'st up at that bare, silent tree.
Thou, too, art waste and silent :—in thy spring
The cold winds came, and struck thee blossoming ;
Nor sound, nor life, nor motion in thy mind :
All lost to sense, what would thy spirit find ?

“ They led her home. She went ; nor asked to stay.
The same to her, the wood, the house, the way.
The talk goes on—the laugh, the daily tasks :
She stands unmoved ; she nothing heeds nor asks.
Above the fire, sea-shells from distant lands,
Once ranged by her, she feels with idle hands.
And what the soul's communion none could trace ;—
No gleamings of the past in that still face !

“ They marked, when spring returned and warmer
days,
She stood, as now, on yonder hill her gaze.
They thought not what it meant, nor cared to know
The glimmerings of a mind whose light was low.
They saw, as up the hill the hot steeds came,
A strange and sudden shuddering take her frame.
She gave a childish laugh, and gleamed her eye.
The coach went down—They heard a scarce breathed
sigh.

A shade passed o'er her face, as quickly go
Shades flung from sailing clouds, on fields below ;
Then all was clear and still ; the unmeaning smile
The senseless look returned, which fled awhile.

And thus her dreamy days, months, years are gone
Not knowing why she looks, she yet looks on.
—We'll homeward now! "

Death is a mournful sight,
But what is death, to this dread, living blight!

Thou who didst form us with mysterious powers,
And give a conscious soul, and call it ours;
Thou who alone dost know the strife within,
Wilt kindly judge, nor name each weakness sin.
Thou art not man, who only sees in part,
Yet deals unsparing with a brother's heart;
For thou look'st in upon the struggling throng
That war—the good with ill—the weak with strong.

And those thy hand hath wrought of finer frame,
When grief o'erthrows the mind, thou wilt not blame;
But say "It is enough!"—and pity show,—
"Thy pain shall turn to joy, thou child of woe!
Thy heart at rest, and dark mind cleared away,
Heaven's light shall dawn on thee, a calmer day!"

The sun was nigh its set, as we once more
With saddened spirits reached the good man's door.
And there we rested, with a gorgeous sight
Above our heads—the elm in golden light.
Thoughtful and silent for awhile—he then
Talked of my coming.—"Thou wilt not again
From thine own vale? And we will make thy home
Pleasant; and it shall glad thee to have come."
Then of my garden and my house he spoke,
And well ranged orchard on the sunny slope;

And grew more bright and happy in his talk
Of social winter eve and summer walk.
And, while I listened, to my sadder soul
A sunnier, gentler sense in silence stole ;
Nor had I heart to spoil the little plan
Which cheered the spirit of the kind old man.

At length I spake—

“No! here I must not stay.
I'll rest to-night—to-morrow go my way.”

He did not urge me.—Looking in my face,
As he each feeling of the heart could trace,
He pressed my hand, and prayed I might be blest,
Where'er I went—that heaven would give me rest.

The silent night has past into the prime
Of day—to thoughtful souls a solemn time.
For man has wakened from his nightly death
And shut up sense, to morning's life and breath.
He sees go out in heaven the stars that kept
Their glorious watch, while he unconscious slept ;
Feels God was round him, while he knew it not ;
Is awed, then meets the world, and God's forgot.
So may I not forget thee, holy Power !
Be ever to me as at this calm hour.

The tree-tops now are glittering in the sun :
Away ! 'Tis time my journey was begun !

Why should I stay, when all I loved are fled
Strange to the living, knowing but the dead !

A homeless wanderer through my early home ;
Gone childhood's joy, and not a joy to come ?
To pass each cottage, and to have it tell,
Here did thy mother, hear a playmate dwell !
To think upon that lost one's girlish bloom,
And see that sickly smile, and mark her doom !
It haunts me now—her dim and wildered brain.
I would not look upon that eye again !

Let me go, rather, where I shall not find
Aught that my former self will bring to mind.
These old, familiar things, where'er I tread,
Are round me like the mansions of the dead.
No ! wide and foreign lands shall be my range :
That suits the lonely soul, where all is strange.

Then, for the dashing sea, the broad, full sail !
And fare thee well, my own, green, quiet Vale.

FACTITIOUS LIFE.

The world is too much with us ; late or soon,
Getting and spending, we lay wast our powers :
Little we see in Nature that is ours ;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon.

Wordsworth.

But if his word once teach us—shoot a ray
Through all the heart's dark chambers, and reveal
Truths undiscerned but by that holy light,
Then all is plain. Philosophy, baptized
In the pure fountain of eternal love,
Has eyes indeed.

Cowper.

The severe schooles shall never laugh me out of the philosophy
of Hermes, that this visible world is but a picture of the invisible,
wherein, as in a pourtract, things are not truly, but in equivocal
shapes; and as they counterfeit some more real substance in that
invisible Fabrick.

Sir Thomas Browne.

Scarce two score years are gone since life began,
Yet many changes have I seen in man.
But when I'm seated in my easy chair,
(My "stede of bras") and up through viewless air,
Go flying on by generations back,
O, then, what changes pass I in my track !
"Canbuscan bold" nigh course o'er many a clime.
I in a moment compass earth and time,

Seeing what is and hath been ; and I view
Much very old, that some think very new.

The grandam to the modern belle complains,
You've stole my waist. May you endure its pains—
Steel and the cord ! In his fine dandy son
The ghost of Squaretoes sees himself outdone.
“ Pull off my boots,” he cries, with crazy Lear :
And squaretoed boots and Squaretoes disappear ;
Fie, scant-robed ghost, to thus cut roundabout
That modest miss, and so play ‘ Cobbler Stout.’
O, take no more than is thy own—the train ;
Shame to pure eyes ! the rest give back again.
If on such errands you come back to earth,
You'll leave us all as naked as at birth.
Wife, Virgin, mother, see them, there they walk.

Dress as they may, good sir, you must not talk.
For learn, in times like these you're not to say
What others do, though done in open day.
Our language, not our conduct, marks the mind.
Let that be pure, and this must be refined.
Ophelia's words would shock a modern belle.
Prince Hamlet, had Ophelia's robe that swell ?
Did the wind sway it thus ? the janty tread ?
What said Laertes at his parting, maid ?
‘ The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauties to' —

O, stuff !

Have you no other subject for your song,
Than whether we go drest too short or long ?

If such the theme on which you mean to prose,
Excuse me, while you lecture, if I doze.

Nay, I am done ! and rest on this as true ;
Though Fashion 's absolute, she 's fickle too.
E'en while I write, a transformation strange
Is going on, and shows that all is change.
And by the time these lines shall be in press,
'They'll need a learned note, in prose, on dress.

Not dress alone ; opinions have their day ;
That is deposed, and this awhile bears sway ;
That mounts the throne in glistering robes once more :
They who adored, then scorned, again adore,
To scorn again : in one thing constant still,
Themselves ne'er wrong, whoe'er the throne may fill,

Be it opinion, notion, fancy, whim—
E'en what you will—'tis all the same to him—
The grave philosopher ; he wheels about
His system to the crowd ; then wheels it out,
And shoves another in ; as at a show
Trees, houses, castles, towns move to and fro ;
Ransacks the lumber-room of ancient time,
The older, better, best in farthest clime ;
For farthest off less likely to be known
The learned theft : the thing is all his own !
Old furniture, new varnished and new named,
Serves all his ends ; the charlatan is famed.
O, simple world, well gulled ; he cries, with glee ;
Blest 'second-hand originality !'

From Asia, Africa, from Greece behold
Rise from their antique tombs the sages old.
This modern son of light describes, with dread,
Their shadowy forms : They come, the mighty dead !

For pardon, wronged ones, at your feet I fall.
I own the theft ; but strip me not of all !
Leave me my name, at least, if nothing more ;
Save one from general scorn, whom men adore.

The *name*, dishonored, keep, they with a frown
Reply ; then turn, and to their graves go down.

Although upon the shore of time we stand,
And watch the ebb and flood along the strand ;
Although what *is* has *been*, we yet may trace
A silent change upon the world's wide face.
Mid renovated philosophic schemes
And arts restored or lost, plans, fashions, dreams,
That idly eddying, jostle side by side.
Down through them all there runs a steady tide
Of subtle alteration, scarce perceived ;
As age, of hope and youthful warmth bereaved,
But faintly notes a change so soft and slow ;
So gently dropped the leaves that lie below.
But bring the extremes together ; let them greet—
The elastic boy, and man on tottering feet.
We ask amazed, can these indeed be one ?
Yes, even so ; we see what Time has done,—
That cunning craftsman, he that works alway,
Makes and unmakes, nor stops for night nor day,—

(For they his bond-men are) rules while he toils,
 And laughs to think what purposes he foils
 In vain, fore-casting man—that fool or knave
 (All but the truly wise) he holds a slave.

Thou universal Worker, thou hast wrought
 Vast changes in the world of heart and thought.
 Once flowed the stream of feeling, like a brook,
 In natural windings; now we feel by book,
 And once, as joy or sorrow moved the man
 He laughed or wept, unguided by a plan
 Of outward port; for in his riper years
 The *boy* still lived; and anger, love, and fears
 Spoke out in action vehement: 'Twas strength,
 Strong heart, strong thought: thought, feeling ran their
 length

In a wild grandeur, or they passive lay,
 Like waters circled in a wooded bay,
 That take from some slow cloud the quivering lights
 Thrown from its snowy rifts and glittering heights.

Yes, free and ever varying played the heart;
 Great Nature schooled it; life was not an art.
 And as the bosom heaved, so wrought the mind;
 The thought put forth in act; and unconfined,
 The whole man *lived* his feelings. Time shall say
 If man's the same in this our latter day?

The same! I scarcely know my work! For when
 I take my rounds among the throngs of men,
 E'en he who almost rivals me in years,
 Apes youth so well; his head of hair appears

So full and fresh, I fain would hide my pate,
Rub out old scores, and start with a new date.

The youth enacts the sage, contemns the dead,
Lauds his own times, and cries, "Go up, bald head!"
Misses and little masters read at school
Abridged accounts of governments and rule;
Word-wise, and knowing all things, nothing know;
They'd reap the harvest, e'er the ground they sow.
The world's reversed, boy-politicians spout,
And age courts youth, lest youth should turn him out.

The child is grown as cautious as three score;
Admits, on proof, that two and two are four.
He to no aimless energies gives way;
No little fairy visions round him play:
He builds no towering castles in the sky,
Longing to climb, his bosom beating high;
Is told that fancy leads but to destroy;
You have five senses; follow them my boy!
If feeling wakes, his parents' fears are such,
They cry, "Don't, dearest, you will feel too much."

Does Time speak truth? I think so. Let us take
A single passion, for example sake.

They talk of love, or rather, once they did,
When I was young: I'm told 'tis now forbid;
That love, with ghosts, is banished clean away,
And heads well crammed, the system of the day;
That should you beg a maid her ear incline
To your true love, she bids you love define;

Then talks of Dugald Stewart and of Brown,
And with philosophy quite puts you down ;
On mood synthetical, analysis,
Descants awhile.—Most metaphysic Miss !
Who'd win thee, must not like a lover look,
But grave philosopher, and woo by book.
Gaze on her face, and swear her eyes are stars ;—
She talks of Venus, Jupiter and Mars.
Speak of the moon ;—its phases and eclipse
How caused, you hear from learned and ruby lips.
Vow you will pour your heart out like a flood ;—
She treats on venous and arterial blood ;
Drives you half mad, then talks of *motive* nerve,
And nerves of *sense*, how they their purpose serve,
And how expression to the face impart,
How all important to the painter's art,
Then wonders that our eyes had seen so well
Before we read about their nerves in Bell :
Thus, for love's mazes, leads you round about
Through arts and sciences, an endless route.

O, no, it was not so when I was young ;
No maiden answered love in such a tongue,
Or cared for planets in conjunction brought ;
With her, 'twas heart with hand, and thought to thought
She tell what blood her veins and arteries fill :
Enough for her to feel its burning thrill.
She gaze upon the moon, as if she took
An observation. Love was in her look
All gentle as the moon. Herself perplex
With light original, or light reflex.

Enough for her, "By thy pale beam," to say,
 "Alone and pensive I delight to stray;
 And watch thy shadow trembling in the stream."•
 O, maid, thrice lovelier than thy lovely dream!

And is the race extinct? Or where is hid
 She, with the blushing cheek and downcast lid,
 Tremblingly delicate, and like the deer,
 Gracefully shy, and beautiful in fear?—
 Who wept with good La Roche, heard Harly tell
 His secret love, then bid to life farewell?—
 Dreamed of Venoni's cottage in the vale,
 And of Sir Edward senseless, bleeding, pale?

Here guard thy heart; nor let the poison creep
 Through the soul's languor, like delicious sleep.
 Wake ere its rancour eats into the core;
 His is not love; 'tis appetite—no more—
 A finer appetite, like love so dressed,
 Thou'd'st be its victim, pitied and distressed;
 Thin smiles or innocence would'st hold more dear
 A wooing sadness, soft, repentant tear;—
 Tears, and dark falling locks, and snowy arm—
 In aught so beautiful can there be harm?

Ah! shun Sir Edward, maiden, for thy life
 Nor, once his mistress, think to be his wife;
 Or, doomed for all thy days, if wife in name,
 To live thy own, thy child's, thy husband's shame,
 Be taunt's suspicion's slave; nor dare to raise
 Thine eye, though wronged, nor hope a husband's praise,

• Charlotte Smith's sonnet "To the Moon."

There's reverence, in true love ; it dreads, abhors
The tainted heart ; it sues, protects, adores.
Then win thee reverence, if that thou would'st win
True love ;—it holds no fellowship with sin.

But why complain romantic love is dead,
If to uncertain paths it wooes, to lead
The innocent half doubting, yet half won,
Through softening twilight—mingled shade and sun,
While slowly steal the lights away, and creep
The shadows by, till on the fearful steep
She stands awhile at pause ; then looks below ;
Then leaps ;—the closing waves above her flow,
And down she sinks for ever ?

Very true.

Are these the only dangers in your view ?—
Or would you lay fair flowering nature bare
Because, forsooth, you fear a canker there ?
If love *may* lure romantic minds astray,
Will shrewder heads point out a surer way ?
—To live alone, cries one, how dull a life !
I think I'll marry ; and straight takes a wife.
Soon tired of home, and finding life still dull,
He joins his club, keeps horses and a trull ;
Of jokes on loving husbands cracks a score,
And coarse as heartless, votes a wife a bore.
The widow-wife secures, her loss to mend,
A kinder *husband*, in her husband's *friend* ;
Or, unrestrained by love, yet held by vows,
Though scarce more fond, less faithless than her spouse.

One weds with age ; and should she keep her truth,
 As once she sighed for wealth, now sighs for youth ;
 Looks on its mantling cheek, and brown crisp hair,
 Then turns to age and wrinkles, in despair :—
 Her husband's harlot, feigns love's playful wiles,
 So deals her bargained coaxings and her smiles
 The dotard dreams she loves :—thus acts her part,
 And robbed the joys of sin, still sins in heart.

But here a youthful pair ! What think you now ?
 The friends agree,—say shall they take the row ?
 Connections quite respectable all round.
 With ample property, and titles sound.

Most certainly an eligible match,
 Estates so fit, like patch well set to patch.

'Tis strange none thought of it before !

My friend,
 How fit their minds ? And do their feelings blend ?

Why, as to these I've not as yet inquired.
 What more than I have said can be desired ?
 They'll learn to like each other by and by.
 'Tis not my business into hearts to pry
 After such whims. Besides, what them contents
 Contents me too.—Come, let us sum their rents.
 Houses in town—say, ten—

Nay, join their hands.
 Boggle at hearts ! We ne'er should join their lands !

What matters it, if rough and sharp below ?
 Custom and art will make the surface show
 Smooth to the world on this McAdam way
 'To wedded life ; we'll have no more delay,
 But join them straight.—The pair have made a trade—
 Contract in lands and stocks 'twixt man and maid :
 Partners for life ; club chances—weal or woe.
 Hang out the sign ! There, read !—A. B. & Co.!

And do unsightly weeds choke up the gush
 Of early hearts ? Are all the feelings hush
 And lifeless now, that would have sent their sound
 In unison, where young hearts throb and bound ?
 Tear up the weeds and let the soul have play ;
 Open its sunless fountains to the day ;
 Let them flow freely out ; they'll make thy wealth.
 Bathe thy whole being in these streams of health,
 And feel new vigor in thy frame !—A boy !—
 And weigh thy pelf with love !—against a joy
 That lifts the mind and speaks it noble—gives
 Beauty ethereal, in which it lives
 A life celestial here, on earth—e'en here !
 What canst thou give for this, and call it dear ?
 O, it is past all count ! Pray, throw thou by
 Thy tables ; trust thy heart ; thy tables lie.
 Let not thy fresh soul wither in its spring.
 Water its tender shoots, and they shall bring
 Shelter to age : Thou'lt sit and think how blest
 Have been thy days, thank God, and take thy rest.
 Sell not thy heart for gold, then, or for lands,
 'T is richer far than all Pactolus' sands.

And where on earth would run the stream to lave
The curse away, and thy starved soul to save ?

But all are reasoners ; father, mother, child ;
And every passion 's numbered, labeled, filed,
And taken down, discussed, and read upon.

We read, last night, mama, through chapter one,
And left the second in the midst. Shall we
Go through with that ?

The second ? Let me see !—

The second treats of Grief.—Read, child !

Fourth head

Concerning grief, is sorrow for the dead.

Know, happiness is duty. Then, be wise,
You're not to grieve though one you care for dies.
Have many friends, and then you'll scarcely know
When one departs, and save a world of woe.
Nor do we now retire to mourn ; we live
Only in taking pleasure, or to give.

Is sorrow, sin then, mother ?

'T is a waste.—

Sin ! child. How vulgar ! mind me ; say, *bad taste*.

But what is pleasure ? Men have said of old,
'T is found in neither luxury, nor gold,
Nor fashion, nor the throng ; but there is true
Where minds are calm, and friends are dear and few ;
That life's swift whirl wears out our finer sense,
Sucks down the good, and gives out nothing thence

But a tost wreck, which, once the comely frame
Of some true joy, saves nothing but the name,
And drifts a shattered thing, upon the shore,
Where lie the unsightly wrecks of thousands more.

To flee from sorrow and alone to keep
The eye on happiness, leaves nothing deep
E'en in our joys. To put aside in haste
The cup of grief, makes vapid to the taste
The cup of pleasure. Think not, then, to spare
Thyself all sorrow, yet in joy to share.

Take up that many-stringed harp, and thrum,
On one dull chord, with one dull, heavy thumb.
Now thrill the fibres of thy soul? or flow
In sounds of varying measure, swift or slow.
The full rich harmonies?—Nay, listen on!
Thy soul has myriad strings where this has one.
Wearied so soon?—Then take it up and play
On all its strings, but let its notes be gay.
Wearied again? and glad to throw it by?

Yes, tired, in faith; I long to hear it sigh:
I'm worn with very glee. O, let me give
One note to touch my heart, and feel it live!"

And thus the soul is framed; that if, alone,
We loose one chord, the harp will fail its tone,
The mighty harmonies within, around,
Die all away, or send a jarring sound.

Give over then, and wisely use thy skill
To tune each passion rightly, not to kill.

To joy thee in the living, mourn the dead ;
 And know, thou hast a heart, as well as head,—
 A heart that needs, at times, the softening powers
 Of grief, romantic love, and lonely hours,
 And meditative twilight, and the balm
 Of falling dews, and evening stars, and calm.

For ever in the world, there forms a crust
 About thy soul, and all within's a dust.
 With sense beclouded, and perverted taste,
 You toil abroad, and leave the heart a waste
 Dead while alive, and listless in the stir,
 See all awry, deem manner, character ;—
 Not sentient of the right, nor loathing wrong,
 You smile, and call that rude, which God calls strong :
 No honest indignation in your breast,
 Nor ardent love, but all things well exprest :
 Your manner, like your dress—a thing put on ;—
 The *seen*, not that beneath, your care alone.

The dress has made the form by nature given,
 Unlike aught ever seen in earth or heaven.
 Where, girl, thy flowing motion, easy sweep ?
 Like waves that swing, nor break the glassy deep ?
 All hard, and angular, and cased in steel !
 And is it human ? Can it breathe and feel ?
 The bosom beautiful of mould—alas !
 Where, now, thy pillow, youth ?—But let it pass.—
 And shapes in freedom lovely ?—I will bear
 Distorted forms, leave minds but free and fair.
 'Tis all alike conventional ; the mind
 Is tortured like the body, cramped, confused,

A thing made up, by rules of art, for life ;
Most perfect, when with nature most at strife ;
Till the strife ceases, and the thing of art,
Forgetting nature, no more plays a part ;
Sees truth in the factitious ;—pleasure's slave—
Its drudge, not lord ; in trifles only grave.

And with the high brought low, the little raised
Nature forgotten, the factitious praised,
The world a gaud, life's stream a shallow brawl,
What, worldling, holds up virtue from a fall ?
Virtue ? Nay, mock it not. There sits its Form :
Thy hand upon its heart !—Does 't beat ? Is 't warm ?
No pulse ! and cold as death !

Then, paint its face,
And dress it up, and give the thing a grace,
For sake of decency.—Why, just look there !
How like it is ! And what a modish air !
How very proper ! Sure, it can 't but pass,
And serve in time to come, for fashion's glass.

With etiquette for virtue, heart subdued,
The right betraying, lest you should be rude,
Excusing wrong, lest you be thought precise,
In morals easy, and in manners nice ;
To keep in with the world your only end,
And with the world, to censure or defend,
To bend to it each passion, thought, desire,
With it genteelly cold, or all on fire,
What have you left to call your own, I pray ?
You ask, What says the world, and that obey :

Where singularity alone is sin,
Live uncondemned, and prostrate all within.
You educate the manners, not the heart ;
And morals make good breeding and an art.
Though coarse within, yet polished high without,
And held by all *respectable*, no doubt,
You think, concealed beneath these flimsy lies,
To keep through life the set proprieties.

Ah, fool, let but a passion rise in war,
Your mighty doors of Gaza, posts and bar,
'Twill wrench away. The Dalilah of old—
Your harlot virtue—thought with wishes to hold
Her strong one captive. The Philistines came ;
He snapped the bands as tow, and freed his frame,
And forth he went. And think you, then, to bind
With cords like these the Samsons of the mind,
When tempters from abroad beset them? Nay!
They'll out, and tread like common dust your sway.

You strive in vain against the eternal plan.
Set free the sympathies, and be a man.
And let the tear bedew thine honest eye,
When good ones suffer, and when loved ones die.
Deem not thy fellow as a creature made
To serve thy turn in pleasure or in trade,
And then thrown by. It breaks thy moral power
To wrap the eternal up in one short hour,
And ask what best will serve to help you on,
Or furnish comforts till your life is done.

And is it wise or safe to set at naught
The finer feelings in our nature wrought,

That throw a lovelier hue on innocence,
 And give to things of earth a life intense,
 Drawing a charmed circle round our home,
 'That nothing gross or sensual there may come ?
 Yet, what makes virtue beauty you would bend
 To worldly purposes—a prudent end !

From virtue take this beautiful regard,
 And leave her homely prudence, duty hard ;
 Let passions unrefined, fed appetites,
 Awake and call aloud for gross delights.
 Think you the paltry barriers you have built,
 Will stand the tug, and keep out shame and guilt ?

Then, leave your cold forecastings, sharp, close strife
 For vantage ; quit the whirl you call your life,
 And see how God has wrought.—This earth was made,
 For use of man, its lord, you 've heard it said.
 Yes, it is full of uses : you may see
 How plainly made for use is yonder tree,—
 To bear thee o'er the seas, or house thee dry,
 When rains beat hard, and winds are bleak and high.

No, naught of this : But leaves, like fluttering wings
 Flash light : the gentle wind among them sings,
 Then stops, and they too stop ; and then the strain
 Begins anew ; and, then, they dance again.
 I see the tinted trunk of brown and gray,
 And rich, warm fungus, brighter for decay,
 Whence rays of light, as from a fountain, flow ;
 I hear the mother robin talking low

In notes affectionate ; the wide-mouthed brood
Chattering and eager for their far-sought food.
The air is spread with beauty ; and the sky
Is musical with sounds that rise, and die
Till scarce the ear can catch them ; then they swell ;
Then send from far a low, sweet, sad farewell.

My mind is filled with beauty, and my heart—
With joy? Not joy, with what I would not part.
It is not sorrow, yet almost subdues
My soul to tears : it saddens while it woos.
My spirit breathes of love : I could not hate,
O, I could match me with the lowliest state
And be content, so I might ever know
This, what? I cannot tell—not joy nor woe !

Come, look upon this stream. Now stoop and sip,
And let it gurgle round your parching lip.
It runs to slake the thirst of man and beast,
The simple beverage to great nature's feast.

My thirst is quenched ; but still my spirit drinks,
And my heart lingers, and my mind—it thinks
Thoughts peaceful, thoughts upon the flow of time,
And tells the minutes by this slender chime,
Music with which the waters gladly pay
Blossoms and shrubs that make their surface gay.

Thou little rill, why wilt thou run so fast
To mingle with rough ocean and his blast?
Though thoughtless innocent, a world of strife
Is there! Then stay ; nor quit thy peaceful life

And all thy shining pebbles, and the song
Thou sing'st throughout the day, and all night long,
Up to the sun, the stars, the moon when she
Kisses thy face, half sadness and half glee.

Thus pity fills my heart, and thus I dream,
When standing caring for the unconscious stream.

Now stretch your eye off shore, o'er waters made
To cleanse the air and bear the world's great trade,
To rise, and wet the mountains near the sun,
Then back into themselves in rivers run,
Fulfilling mighty uses far and wide,
Through earth, in air, or here, as ocean-tide.

Ho ! how the giant heaves himself, and strains
And flings to break his strong and viewless chains :
Foams in his wrath ; and at his prison doors,
Hark ! hear him ! how he beats and tugs and roars,
As if he would break forth again and sweep
Each living thing within his lowest deep.

Type of the Infinite ! I look away
Over thy billows, and I cannot stay
My thought upon a resting-place, or make
A shore beyond my vision, where they break :
But on my spirit stretches, till it's pain
To think ; then rests, and then puts forth again.
Thou hold'st me by a spell ; and on thy beach
I feel all soul ; and thoughts unmeasured reach
Far back beyond all date. And, O ! how old
Thou art to me. For countless years thou hast rolled.

Before an ear did hear thee, thou did'st mourn :
Prophet of sorrows, o'er a race unborn ;
Waiting thou mighty minister of death,
Lonely thy work, ere man had drawn his breath.
At last thou did'st it well ! The dread command
Came, and thou swept'st to death the breathing land ;
And then once more, unto the silent heaven
Thy lone and melancholy voice was given.

And though the land is thronged again, O Sea !
Strange sadness touches all that goes with thee.
The small bird's plaintive note, the wild, sharp cull,
Share thy own spirit : it is sadness all !
How dark and stern upon thy waves looks down
Yonder tall Cliff—he with the iron crown.
And see ! those sable Pines along the steep,
Are come to join the requiem, gloomy deep !
Like stoled monks they stand and chant the dirge
Over the dead, with thy low beating surge."

These are earth's uses. God has framed the whole,
Not mainly for the body, but the soul,
That it might dawn on beauty, and might grow
Noble in thought, from nature's noble show,
Might gather from the flowers a humble mind,
And on earth's every varying surface find
Something to win to kind and fresh'ning change,
And give the powers a wide and healthful range ;
To furnish man sweet company where'er
He travels on—a something to call dear,
And more his own, because it makes a part
With that fair world that dwells within the heart.

Earth yields to healthful labor meat and drink,
That man may live ; for what ? To feel and think ;
And not to eat and drink, and like the beast,
Sleep, and then wake and get him to his feast.
Over these grosser uses nature throws
Beauties so delicate, the man forgoes
Awhile his low intents, to soft delights
Yields up himself ; and lost in sounds and sights,
Forgets that earth was made for aught beside
His doting ; and he woos it as his bride.
Beautiful bride ! thou chaste one, innocent !
To win and make man like thee, thou wast lent.
Call with thy many pleasant voices, then ;
The wanderer will turn to thee again.
Yes, now he turns ! And see ! the breaking day !
And in its dawn, the wanderer on his way.

Thou who art Life and Light, I see thee spread
Thy glories through these regions of the dead ;
I hear Thee call the sleeper : Up ! Behold
The earth unveiled to thee, the heavens unrolled.
On thy transformed soul celestial light
Bursts ; and the earth, transfigured, on thy sight
Breaks, a new sphere ! Ay, stand in glad amaze,
While all its figures opening on the gaze,
Unfold new meanings. Thou shalt understand
Its mystic hieroglyph, thy God's own hand.

Ah ! man shall read aright when he shall part
With human schemes, and in the new-born heart,
Feel coursing new-born life ; when from above
Shall flow throughout his soul joy, light and love ;

And he shall follow up these streams, and find
The One the source of nature, grace and mind.
There, he in God and God in him, his soul
Shall look abroad and *feel* the world a *whole*—
“From nature up to nature’s God,” no more
Grope out his way through parts, nor place before
The Former, the thing formed. Man yet shall learn
The outward by the inward to discern—
The inward by the Spirit.

Here begin

Thy search, Philosopher, and thou shalt win
Thy way deep down into the soul. The light,
Shed in by God, shall open to thy sight
Vast powers of being; regions long untrod
Shall stretch before thee filled with life and God;
And faculties come forth, and put to shame
Thy vain and curious reasonings. Whence they
came,
Thou shalt not ask: for they shall breathe an air
From upper worlds, around, that shall declare
Them sons of God, immortal ones: and thou,
Self-awed, in their mysterious presence bow;
And while thou listenest, with thy inward ear
The ocean of eternity shall hear
Along its coming waves: and thou shalt see
Its spiritual waters, as they roll through thee:
Nor toil in hard abstractions of the brain,
Some guess of immortality to gain;
For far-sought truths within thy soul shall rise,
Informing visions to thine inward eyes.

Believe thyself immortal? Thou shalt know,—
Shalt *feel* thyself immortal, when shall flow
Life from the Eternal, and shall end the strife
To part philosophy and heavenly life.
The soul to its prime union then restored,
The reason humbled, and its God adored,
Inward beholdings, powers intuitive,
Shall wake that soul, and thought in feeling live,
And truth and love be one, and truth and love,
Felt like its life-blood, through the soul shall move.

But as the abstract takes visual form, and thought
Becomes an inward sense ; so man is brought
In outward forms material to find
A character in harmony with mind,
A spirit that with his may kindly blend,
And, sprung with him from One, in One to end.
Set in his true relation, he shall see
Self and surrounding things from Deity
Proceeding and supplied—that earth but shows
What, ere in outward forms they first arose,
Lived spiritual, fair forms in God's own mind,
And now revealed to him, no longer blind,
Open relations to the world within,
And feeling, truth and life in man begin.
In sympathy with God, his sympathies
Spread through the earth, and run into the skies.
Full, yet receiving : giving out, yet full ;
Thoughtful in action ; quiet, yet not dull,
He stands 'tween God and earth ; A genial light
Dawns in his soul ; and while he casts his sight

Abroad, behold the Sun! As on its track,
 It mounts high up the heavens, its fires give back
 Only the effluence of that inward fire,
 The reflex of the soul, and God its sire.
 Where'er the soul looks forth, 'tis to behold
 Itself in secondary forms unfold.
 Mysterious Archetype! see wide unfurled
 Before thine eye, thy own, thy inner world!

Now all is thine ; nor need'st thou longer fear
 To take thy share in all ; The far, the near
 To thee are God's, so, thine; and all things live
 To higher ends than earth; and thou dost give
 That life which God gives thee ; and to impart
 Is to receive ; and o'er thy new-born heart
 The earth and heavens pour out a living flood ;
 And thou, as God at first, seest all is good.

Now, Love is life, and Truth his light alone,
 His spirit even, head and heart at one,
 A rule within that will no more deceive,
 Man sees, to love, and loves but to believe ;
 With mind well balanced, sees and loathes deceit
 And loving truth, detects its counterfeit ;
 With all pervading truth his only guide,
 Hath naught that he would feign, and naught to hide
 No selfish passion, and his vision just,
 And claiming trust himself, he dares to trust ;
 And kind as trustful, ne'er to merit blind,
 But liking widely, never fails to find,
 Though all their varied forms, the good and true
 Nor seeks a substitute for narrowed view,

In fond excess ; nor meanly learns to rate
 His love of some, as he may others hate ;
 Feeds not that love with venom ; nor would raise
 On one man's ruin piles to others' praise ;
 Through nature, through the works of art, he feels
 'Tis ever changing beauty subtilely steals,
 Which, varying, still is one ; and thus he draws
 From one, delight in all, through genial laws ;—
 Feels that in love's expanse, love's safety lies,
 Nor what God proffers to himself denies ;—
 That every attribute, when duly used,
 Is wisdom—not our being's gifts refused,
 And losing self in others, nobler end
 Than self-denied ; to let our being blend
 With general being, wakes intenser life,
 And others' good our aim, ends inward strife ;
 That truth binds all things by a common tie ;
 And Love is universal harmony
 And man, to truth and love once more restored,
 Shall hold with God and nature sweet accord.

O World, that thou wert wise ! Hast thou not
 toiled
 For seeming good enough ?—enough been foiled ?
 How long must speak the void and aching heart ?
 I'm weary of my task, this player's part—
 Of smiles I cannot feel, feigned courtesy,
 With feigning paid again—my life a lie.
 I've chased the false so long ! and yet I know
 The false hath nought for me but secret woe ;
 Yet knowing, still pursue, with blinded haste,
 Through systems, morals, fashions, manners, taste ;

Have bartered love for wealth, distinction sought
And vain and loveless cares, and envy bought ;
Have climbed ambition's heights, to feel alone,
Looked down, and seen how poor a world I've
won ;

Have lost the simple way of right, and tried
Expedients curious, then for truth have sighed ;
And weak, from energies on nothing spent,
Have sought, and then put by, what nature lent
For kind repair ;—e'en like a pettish child,—
Sick of pretence, yet willingly beguiled.
Simplicity and all the fair array
Of outward forms that, varving, still obey
One law of truth, seemed tamely effortless ;
I've craved conceit, sharp contrast, and excess ;
Have cast my noble nature down, and all
The outward world has felt and shared the fall ;
Yet, dimly conscious of my low estate,
Conscious how soon the world and senses sate,
Grovelled on earth, yet wanting will to rise,
Tired of the world, unfitted for the skies,
As to the abject, helpless slave, to me
Would come, with dire import, the word, Be
free !”

Poor, self-willed slave, a bondage hard is thine !
A bondage none can break hut Power divine.

Spirit of Love, thou Power Divine, come down ;
And where thou' walk'dst a sufferer, wear thy
crown :

Bid the vexed sea be still, the tumult cease;
Prophet, fulfil thy word, reign Prince of Peace!
O, give that peace the world knows not, and throw,
Light of the world! thy light on all below;
Shine through the wildered mind that man may see
Himself and earth restored God, all, in Three!

THOUGHTS ON THE SOUL.

"And when thou think'st of her eternity,
Think not that death against her nature is;
Think it her birth."

Davies.

"But it exceeds man's thoughts to think how high
God hath raised man."

Same.

It is the Soul's prerogative, its fate,
To shape the outward to its own estate.
If right itself, then, all around is well;
If wrong, it makes of all without a hell.
So multiplies the Soul its joy or pain,
Gives out itself, itself takes back again.
Transformed by thee, the world hath but one face.—
Look there, my Soul! and thine own features trace!
And all through time, and down eternity,
Where'er thou goest, that face shall look on thee.

We look upon the outward state, and, then,
Say who is happiest—saddest who of men:

We look upon the face, and think to know
The measure of the bosom's joy or woe.

A healthy man is that, and full his hoard,
His farm well stocked, and well supplied his board,
His helpmate comely, and a thrifty dame
Of cheerful temper, morn, noon, eve, the same.
How pale looks yonder man; his wife a scold.
His children sickly, starved with want and cold.
And there goes one, a freeman all his life,
Who ne'er had plagues of home, or child, or wife.
Another lives in that large, silent hall,
Bereft of friends, of wife, and child, and all.

Now, of the four, who's happiest, saddest? Say
I thought thou knewest. Well, then, why delay?
Oh, Hamlet-like, thou would'st peruse the face!
And canst thou now the bosom's secrets trace?
The face is called the index of the mind;
Yet dost not read it, wise one? Art thou blind?
It is the Soul made visible. Behold
The shapes it takes. Speak! What may his unfold?

Why, joy, be sure: you saw how sweet it smiled.

—Thou read a face! Go, read thy horn-book, child!

By summing that man's cattle by the head,
His friends alive, or wife and children dead,
Dost think to learn his spirit's breadth and length
To find his joys' and sorrows' depth and strength?

Come! of these joys and sufferings make thy east.
Now tell me, pray, how foot they up at last?
Of outward things thou canst not find the amount
Think'st thou the Soul's emotions, then, to count?
To range upon the face the thoughts that fly
Swifter than light? That rainbow, in the sky,
Severs each hue. But what prismatic glass
Hast thou to mark the feelings as they pass?
Or what wherewith to sound, or tell the flow
Of that man's deep and dark and silent woe?
To name their kind, or reckon their degree,
When joys play through him like a sparkling sea?

Ocean and land, the living clouds that run
Above, or stand before the setting sun,
Taking and giving glory in his light,
Live but in change too subtle for thy sight.
The lot of man—see that more varied still
By ceaseless acts of sense, and mind, and will.
Yet could'st thou count up all material things,
All outward difference each condition brings,
Then would'st thou say, perhaps, Lo, here the whole!
—The whole? One thing thou hast forgot—THE SOUL

—Life in itself, it life to all things gives;
For whatsoever it looks on, that thing lives—
Becomes an acting being, ill or good;
And, grateful to its giver, tenders food
For the Soul's health; or, suffering change unblest,
Pours poison down to rankle in the breast:
As acts the man, e'en so it plays its part,
And answers, thought to thought, and heart to heart.

Yes, man reduplicates himself. You see,
In yonder lake, reflected rock and tree.
Each leaf at rest, or quivering in the air,
Now rests, now stirs as if a breeze were there
Sweeping the crystal depths. How perfect all!
And see those slender top-boughs rise and fall!
The double strips of silvery sand unite
Above, below, each grain distinct and bright.
Yon bird, that seeks her food upon that bough,
Pecks not alone; for look! the bird below
Is busy after food, and happy, too.
—They're gone! Both pleased, away together flew.

Behold we thus sent up, rock, sand, and wood
Life, joy, and motion from the sleepy flood?
The world, O man, is like that flood to thee;
Turn where thou wilt, thyself in all things see
Reflected back. As drives the blinding sand
Round Egypt's piles, where'er thou tak'st thy stand
If that thy heart be barren, there will sweep
The drifting waste, like waves along the deep.
Fill up the vale, and choke the laughing streams
That ran through grass and brake, with dancing beams,
Sear the fresh woods, and from thy heavy eye
Veil the wide-shifting glories of the sky.

The rill is tuneless to his ear who feels
No harmony within; the south wind steals
As silent as unseen among the leaves.
Who has no inward beauty, none perceives.
Though all around is beautiful. Nay, more—
In nature's calmest hour he hears the roar

Of winds and flinging waves—puts out the light,
When high and angry passions meet in fight ;
And, his own spirit into tumult hurled,
He makes a turmoil of a quiet world ;
The fiends of his own bosom people air
With kindred fiends, that hunt him to despair.
Hates he his fellow ? Self he makes the rate
Of fellow-man, and cries, “ ’Tis hate for hate.”

Soul ! fearful is thy power, which thus transforms
All things into thy likeness ; heaves in storms
The strong, proud sea, or lays it down to rest,
Like the hushed infant on its mother’s breast—
Which gives each outward circumstance its hue,
And shapes the acts, and thoughts of men anew,
Till they, in turn, or love or hate impart,
As love or hate holds rule within the heart.

Then, dread thy very power ; for, works it wrong,
It gives to all without a power as strong
As is its own—a power it can’t recall :—
Such as thy strength, e’en so will be thy thrall.
The fiercer are thy struggles, wrath, and throes,
Thou slave of sin, the mystic chain so grows
Closer and heavier on thee. Thus, thy strength
Makes thee the weaker, verier slave, at length,
Working, at thy own forge, the chain to bind,
And wear, and fret thy restless, fevered mind.

Be warned ! Thou canst not break, nor scape, the
power
In kindness given in thy first breathing hour.

Thou canst not slay its life : it must create ;
 And good or ill, there ne'er will come a date
 To its tremendous energies. The trust
 Thus given guard, and to thyself be just.
 Nor dream with life to shuffle off the coil ;
 It takes fresh life, starts fresh for further toil,
 And on it goes, for ever, ever, on.
 Changing all down its course, each thing to one
 With its immortal nature. All must be,
 Like thy dread self, one dread eternity.

Blinded by passion, man gives up his breath,
 Uncalled by God. We look, and name it Death.
 Mad wretch ! the soul hath no last sleep ; the strife
 To end itself, but wakes intenser life
 In the self-torturing spirit. Fool, give o'er !
 Hast thou once been, yet think'st to be no more ?
 What ! life destroy itself ? O, idlest dream
 Shaped in that emptiest thing—a doubter's scheme.
 Think'st in an Universal Soul will merge
 Thy soul, as rain-drops mingle with the surge ?
 Or, no less sceptic, sin will have an end,
 And thy purged spirit with the holy blend
 In joys as holy ? Why a sinner now ?
 As falls the tree, so lies it. So shalt thou.
 God's book, rash doubter, holds the plain record ;
 Dar'st talk of hopes and doubts against that Word ?
 Or palter with it in a quibbling sense ?
 That Book shall judge thee when thou passest hence.
 Then—with thy spirit from the body freed—
 Then hast thou know, see, feel, what's life indeed !

Bursting to life, thy dominant desire
Shall upward flame, like a fierce forest fire;
Then, like a sea of fire, heave, roar, and dash—
Roll up its lowest depths in waves, and flash
A wild disaster round, like its own woe—
Each wave cry, "Woe for ever!" in its flow,
And then pass on;—from far adown its path
Send back commingling sounds of woe and wrath—
Th' indomitable *Will* shall know no sway:
God calls—Man, hear him; quit that fearful way.

Come, listen to His voice who died to save
Lost man, and raise him from his moral grave;
From darkness showed a path of light to heaven;
Cried, "Rise and walk; thy sins are all forgiven."

Blest are the pure in heart. Would'st thou be blest?
He'll cleanse thy spotted soul. Would'st thou find rest?
Around thy toils and cares he'll breathe a calm,
And to thy wounded spirit lay a balm;
From fear draw love; and teach thee where to seek
Lost strength and grandeur—with the bowed and meek.

Come lowly: He will help thee. Lay aside
That subtle, first of evils—human pride.
Know God, and, so, thyself; and be afraid
To call aught poor or low that He has made.
Fear naught but sin; love all but sin; and learn
In all beside 't is wisdom to discern
His forming, his creating power, and bind
Earth, self and brother to the Eternal Mind.

Linked with the Immortal, immortality
Begins e'en here. For what is time to thee,
To whose cleared sight the night is turned to day
And that but changing life, miscalled decay?

Is it not glorious, then, from thy own heart
To pour a stream of life?—to make a part
With thy eternal spirit things that rot,—
That, looked on for a moment, are forgot,
But to thy opening vision pass to take
New forms of life, and in new beauties wake?

To thee the falling leaf but fades to bear
Its hues and odours to some fresher air;
Some passing sound floats by to yonder sphere,
That softly answers to thy listening ear.
In one eternal round they go and come;
And where they travel, there hast thou a home
For thy far-reaching thoughts. O, Power Divine
Has this poor worm a spirit so like thine?
Unwrap its folds, and clear its wings to go!
Would I could quit earth, sin, and care, and
 woe!

Nay, rather let me use the world aright:
Thus make me ready for my upward flight.

Come, Brother, turn with me from pining thought,
And all the inward ills that sin has wrought;
Come send abroad a love for all who live,
And feel the deep content in turn they give
Kind wishes and good deeds—they make not poor;
They'll home again, full laden, to thy door.

The streams of love flow back where they begin;
For springs of outward joys, lie deep within.

E'en let them flow, and make the places glad
Where dwell thy fellow-men. Should'st thou be sad,
And earth seem bare, and hours, once happy, press
Upon thy thoughts, and make thy loneliness
More lonely for the past, thou then shalt hear
The music of those waters running near;
And thy faint spirit drink the cooling stream,
And thine eye gladden with the playing beam,
That, now, upon the water dances, now,
Leaps up and dances in the hanging bough.

Is it not lovely? Tell me, where doth dwell
The power that wrought so beautiful a spell;
In thy own bosom, Brother? Then, as thine,
Guard with a reverend fear this power divine.

And if, indeed, 't is not the outward state,
But temper of the Soul, by which we rate
Sadness or joy, e'en let thy bosom move
With noble thoughts, and wake thee into love.
And let each feeling in thy breast be given
An honest aim, which sanctified by heaven,
And springing into act, new life imparts,
Till beats thy frame as with a thousand hearts.

Sin clouds the mind's clear vision; man, not earth,
Around the self-starved Soul, has spread a dearth.
The earth is full of life: the living Hand
'Touched it with life; and all its forms expand

With principles of being made to suit
Man's varied powers, and raise him from the brute.
And shall the earth of higher ends be full?
Earth which thou tread'st! and thy poor mind be
dull?

Thou talk of life, with half thy soul asleep!
Thou "living dead man," let thy spirits leap
Forth to the day; and let the fresh air blow
Thro' thy soul's shut up mansion. Wouldst thou know
Something of what is life, shake off this death;
Have thy soul feel the universal breath
With which all nature's quick! and learn to be
Sharer in all that thou dost touch or see.
Break from thy body's grasp, thy spirit's trance;
Give thy Soul air, thy faculties expanse:—
Love, joy, e'en sorrow, yield thyself to all!
They make thy freedom, man, and not thy thrall.
Knock off the shackles which thy spirit bind
To dust and sense, and set at large thy mind!
Then move in sympathy with God's great whole;
And be, like man at first, "A LIVING SOUL!"

Though nothing once, and born but yesterday,
Like Him who knows nor ending, nor decay,
So shalt thou live, my Soul, immortal one,
Strong as the firm, the dread eternal throne,
Endless as God, who sits for aye thereon.

Infinite Father! shall thy creature dare
Look forth, and say, "Eternity I share

Stretch onward, age on age, till mind grows dim,
 Yet, conscious, cry, "There still am I with Him?"
 Worm of the dust! thought almost blasphemy!
 Dread glory! I, like God, shall ever be!

O, Goodness searchless! Thou who once didst walk
 With man on earth, with man familiar talk,
 Bringing thyself to him to lead the way
 From darkness up to glory and to day,
 Uniting with our form, that man, when blind
 To all but sense, the high intent might find
 Of his own soul, his never-dying mind;
 Teach us, in this thy Sacrifice, to see
 Thy love—our worth, in this great mystery.

Poorly of his own nature he must deem,
 His very immortality a dream,
 Whose God's so strange he may not condescend
 With his own last and greatest work to blend;
 But rather his lost creatures must forsake,
 Than deign to dwell with that He deigned to make.
 Though veiled in flesh, did God his glory hide?
 God counts not glory thus, but *human pride*.

Debased by sin, and used to things of sense,
 How shall man's spirit rise and travel hence,
 Where lie the Soul's pure regions, without bounds—
 Where mind's at large, and passion ne'er confounds
 Clear thought, and thought is sight, the far brings nigh,
 Calls up the deep, and, now, calls down the high.
 With Him who made me? May he forward send
 His thoughts, and say, "Like God, I know no end?"

Cast off thy slough, and send thy spirit forth
Up to the Infinite, then know thy worth.
With That, be infinite : with Love, be love ;
Angel, 'mid angel throngs that move above ;
Ay, more than Angel : nearer the great CAUSE,
Through his redeeming power, now read his laws—
Not with thy earthly mind, that half detects
Something of outward things by slow effects ;
Viewing creative causes, learn to *know*
The hidden springs, nor *guess* as here below,
Laws, purposes, relations, sympathies—
In errors vain. Clear Truth 's in yonder skies

Creature all grandeur, son of truth and light,
Up from the dust ! the last great day is bright ;
Bright on the Holy Mountain, round the Throne,
Bright where in borrowed light the far stars shone.
Look down ! the Depths are bright ! And hear their
cry,

“ Light ! light ! ” Look up ! 't is rushing down from
high !

Regions on regions, far away they shine :

'T is light ineffable, 't is light divine !

“ Immortal light, and life for evermore ! ”

Off through the deeps is heard from shore to shore

Of rolling worlds ! Man, wake thee from the soul—

Awake from death—awake ! and live with God !

THE

HUSBAND'S AND WIFE'S GRAVE.

Husband and wife! No converse now ye hold,
 As once ye did in your young day of love,
 On its alarms, its anxious hours, delays,
 Its silent meditations, its glad hopes,
 Its fears, impatience, quiet sympathies;
 Nor do ye speak of joy assured, and bliss
 Full, certain, and possessed. Domestic cares
 Call you not now together. Earnest talk
 On what your children may be, moves you not.
 Ye lie in silence, and an awful silence;
 'Tis not like that in which ye rested once
 Most happy—silence eloquent, when heart
 With heart held speech, and your mysterious frames,
 Harmonious, sensitive, at every beat
 Touched the soft notes of love.

A stillness deep
 Insensible, unheeding, folds you round;
 And darkness, as a stone, has sealed you in.
 Away from all the living, here ye rest:
 In all the nearness of the narrow tomb,
 Yet feel ye not each other's presence new.
 Dread fellowship!—together, yet alone.

Is this thy prison-house, thy grave, then, Love?
 And doth death cancel the great bond that holds
 Commingling spirits? Are thoughts that know no
 bounds,

But self-inspired, rise upward, searching out
The eternal Mind—the Father of all thought—
Are they become mere tenants of a tomb?—
Dwellers in darkness, who the illuminate realms
Of uncreated light have visited and lived?—
Lived in the dreadful splendor of that throne,
Which One, with gentle hand the veil of flesh
Lifting, that hung 'twixt man and it, revealed
In glory?—throne, before which even now
Our souls, moved by prophetic power, bow down
Rejoicing, yet at their own natures awed?—
Souls that Thee know by a mysterious sense,
Thou awful, unseen Presence—are they quenched,
Or burn they on, hid from our mortal eyes
By that bright day which ends not; as the sun
His robe of light flings round the glittering stars?

And do our loves all perish with our frames?
Do those that took their root and put forth buds,
And their soft leaves unfolded in the warmth
Of mutual hearts, grow up and live in beauty,
Then fade and fall, like fair, unconscious flowers?
Are thoughts and passions that to the tongue give
 speech,
And make it send forth winning harmonies,—
That to the cheek do give its living glow,
And vision in the eye the soul intense
With that for which there is no utterance—
Are these the body's accidents?—no more?—
To live in it, and when that dies, go out
Like the burnt taper's flame?

O, listen, man !

A voice within us speaks the startling word,
 "Man, thou shalt never die !" Celestial voices
 Hymn it around our souls : according harps,
 By angel fingers touched when the mild stars
 Of morning sang together, sound forth still
 The song of our great immortality :
 Thick clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,
 The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas,
 Join in this solemn, universal song.

—O, listen, ye, our spirits ; drink it in
 From all the air ! 'T is in the gentle moonlight ;
 'T is floating in day's setting glories ; Night,
 Wrapt in her sable robe, with silent step
 Comes to our bed and breathes it in our ears :
 Night, and the dawn, bright day, and thoughtful eve,
 All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
 As one vast mystic instrument, are touched
 By an unseen, living Hand, and conscious chords
 Quiver with joy in this great jubilee :
 —The dying hear it : and as sounds of earth
 Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls
 To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

Why is it that I linger round this tomb ?
 What holds it ? Dust that cumbered those I mourn.
 They shook it off, and laid aside earth's robes,
 And put on those of light. They're gone to dwell
 In love—their God's and angels'. Mutual love
 That bound them here, no longer needs a speech
 For full communion ; nor sensations strong,

Within the breast, their prison, strive in vain
To be set free, and meet their kind in joy.
Changed to celestials, thoughts that rise in each,
By natures new, impart themselves though silent.
Each quickening sense, each throb of holy love,
Affections sanctified, and the full glow
Of being, which expand and gladden one,
By union all mysterious, thrill and live
In both immortal frames:—Sensation all,
And thought, pervading, mingling sense and thought!
Ye paired, yet one! wrapt in a consciousness
Twofold, yet single—this is love, this life!

Why call we then the square-built monument,
The upright column, and the low-laid slab,
Tokens of death, memorials of decay?
Stand in this solemn, still assembly, man,
And learn thy proper nature; for thou seest,
In these shaped stones and lettered tables, figures
Of life: More are they to thy soul than those
Which he who talked on Sinai's mount with God,
Brought to the old Judeans—types are these
Of thine eternity.

I thank Thee, Father,
That at this simple grave, on which the dawn
Is breaking, emblem of that day which hath
No close, Thou kindly unto my dark mind
Hast sent a sacred light, and that away
From this green hillock, whither I had come
In sorrow, Thou art leading me in joy.

THE
DYING RAVEN.

Come to these lonely woods to die alone?
 It seems not many days since thou wast heard,
 From out the mists of spring, with thy shrill note
 Calling upon thy mates—and their clear answers
 The earth was brown then; and the infant leaves
 Had not put forth to warm them in the sun,
 Or play in the fresh air of heaven. Thy voice,
 Shouting in triumph, told of winter gone,
 And prophesying life to the sealed ground,
 Did make me glad with thoughts of coming beauties
 And now they're all around us,—offspring bright
 Of earth,—a mother, who, with constant care,
 Doth feed and clothe them all.—Now o'er her fields,
 In blessed bands, or single, they are gone,
 Or by her brooks they stand, and sip the stream;
 Or peering o'er it,—vanity well feigned—
 In quaint approval seem to glow and nod
 At their reflected graces.—Morn to meet,
 They in fantastic labors pass the night,
 Catching its dews, and rounding silvery drops
 To deck their bosoms.—There, on high, bald trees,

From varnished cells some pëep, and the old houghs
 Make to rejoice and dance in warmer winds.
 Over my head the winds and they make music ;
 And grateful, in return for what they take,
 Bright hues and odours to the air they give.

Thus mutual love brings mutual delight—
 Brings beauty, life ;—for love is life—hate, death.

Thou Prophet of so fair a revelation !
 Thou who abod'st with us the winter long,
 Enduring cold or rain, and shaking oft,
 From thy dark mantle, falling sleet or snow—
 Thou, who with purpose kind, when warmer days
 Shone on the earth, 'mid thaw and steam, cam'st forth
 From rocky nook, or wood, thy priestly cell,
 To speak of comfort unto lonely man—
 Didst say to him,—though seemingly alone
 'Mid wastes and snows, and silent, lifeless trees,
 Or the more silent ground—it was not death,
 But nature's sleep and rest, her kind repair ;—
 That Thou, albeit unseen, didst bear with him
 The winter's night, and, patient of the day,
 And cheered by hope, (instinct divine in Thee,)
 Waitedst return of summer.

More Thou saidst,
 Thou Priest of Nature, Priest of God, to man !
 Thou spok'st of Faith, (than instinct no less sure,)
 Of Spirits near him, though he saw them not ;
 Thou bad'st him ope his intellectual eye,
 And see his solitude all populous :

Thou showd'st him Paradise, and deathless flowers;
And didst him pray to listen to the flow
Of living waters.

Preacher to man's spirit!
Emblem of Hope! Companion! Comforter!
Thou faithful one! is this thine end? 'T was thou,
When summer birds were gone, and no form seen
In the void air, who cam'st, living and strong,
On thy broad, balanced pennons, through the winds.
And of thy long enduring, this the close!
Thy kingly strength, thou Conqueror of storms,
Thus low brought down.

The year's mild, cheering dawn
Shone out on thee, a momentary light.
The gales of spring upbore thee for a day,
And then forsook thee. Thou art fallen now;
And liest among thy hopes and promises—
Beautiful flowers, and freshly springing blades,
Gasping thy life out.—Here for thee the grass
Tenderly makes a bed; and the young buds
In silence open their fair, painted folds—
To ease thy pain, the one—to cheer thee, these.
But thou art restless; and thy once keen eye
Is dull and sightless now. New blooming boughs,
Needlessly kind, have spread a tent for thee.
Thy mate is calling to the white, piled clouds,
And asks for thee. They give no answer back.
As I look up to their bright angel faces,
Intelligent and capable of voice
They seem to me. Their silence to my soul
Comes ominous. The same to thee, doomed bird,

Silence or sound. For thee there is no sound
No silence.—Near thee stands the shadow, Death;—
And now he slowly draws his sable veil
Over thine eyes; thy senses softly lulls
Into unconscious slumbers. The airy call
Thou 'lt hear no longer; 'neath sun-lighted clouds,
With beating wing, or steady poise aslant,
Wilt sail no more. Around thy trembling claws
Droop thy wings' parting feathers. Spasms of death
Are on thee

Laid thus low by age? Or is 't
All-grudging man has brought thee to this end?
Perhaps the slender hair, so subtly wound
Around the grain God gives thee for thy food,
Has proved thy snare, and makes thine inward pain.

I needs must mourn for thee. For I, who have
No fields, nor gather into garner—I
Bear thee both thanks and love, not fear nor hate.

And now, farewell! The falling leaves ere long
Will give thee decent covering. Till then,
Thine own black plumage, that will now no more
Glance to the sun, nor flash upon my eyes,
Like armour of steeled knight of Palestine,
Must be thy pall. Nor will it moult so soon
As sorrowing thoughts on those borne from him, fade
In living man.

Who scoffs these sympathies,
Makes mock of the divinity within:

Nor feels he gently breathing through his soul
The universal spirit.—Hear it cry,
“How does thy pride abase thee, man, vain man !
How deaden thee to universal love,
And joy of kindred with all humble things,—
God’s creatures all !”

And surely it is so.

He who the lily clothes in simple glory,
He who doth hear the ravens cry for food,
Hath on our hearts, with hand invisible,
In signs mysterious, written what alone
Our *hearts* may read.—Death bring thee rest, poor
Bird.

FRAGMENT OF AN EPISTLE

WRITTEN WHILE RECOVERING FROM SEVERE ILLNESS.

————— No more, my friend,
 A weary ear I urge you lend
 My tale of sickness, aches I've borne
 From closing day to breaking morn—
 Long wintry nights and days of pain—
 Sharp pain. 'Tis past; and I would fain
 My languor cheer with grateful thought
 On Him who to this frame has brought
 Soothing and rest; who, when there rose
 Within my bosom's dull repose
 A troubled memory of wrong
 Done in health's day, when passions strong
 Swayed me,—repentance ~~spoke~~ and peace,
 Hope, and from dark remorse release.

Lonely, in thought, I travelled o'er
 Days past, and joys to come no more;
 Sat watching the low beating fire,
 And saw its flames shoot up, expire,
 Like cheerful thoughts that glance their light
 Athwart the mind, and then 'tis night.

For ever night?—The Eternal One,
 With sacred fire from forth his throne,
 Has touched my heart. O, fail it not
 When days of health shall be my lot.

Beside me, Patience, suffering's child,
With gentle voice, and aspect mild,
Sat chanting to me song so holy,
A song to soothe my melancholy ;
Won me to learn of her to bear
Sorrows, and pains, and all that wear
Our hearts—me, chained by sickness, taught,
" Prisoner to none the free of thought :"
A truth sublime, but slowly learned—
By one who for earth's freshness yearned.

From open air and ample sky
Pent up—thus doomed for days to lie,
Was trial hard to me, a stranger
To long confinement, me, a ranger
Through hare or leafy wood, o'er hill,
O'er field, by shore, or by the rill
When taking hues from bending flowers,
Or stealing dark by crystal bowers
Built up by Winter on its bank,
Of branches shot from vapor dank :
And hard to sit, and see boys slide
O'er crusted plain stretched smooth and wide,
Or down the steep and shining drift,
With shout and call, shoot light and swift.

But I could stand at set of sun,
And see the snow he shone upon
Change to a path of glory,—see
The rainbow hues 'twixt him and me—
Orange, and green, and golden light :
I thought on that celestial sight,

That city seen by aged John,
City with walls of precious stone,
Brighter and brighter grew the road
'Twixt me and the descending God;
And while I yearned to tread its length,
Down went the Sun, in all his strength.

And gone's his path like the steps of light
By angels trod at dead of night,
While Jacob slept. Around my room
The shadows deepen; while the gloom
Visits my soul, in converse high
Lifted but now, when heaven was nigh.

Why could not I, in spirit, raise
Pillar of Bethel to his praise
Who blessed me, and free worship pay,
Like Isaac's son upon his way?
Are holy thoughts but happy dreams
Chased by despair, as starry gleams
By clouds? Nay, turn, and read thy mind;
Nay, look on Nature's face and find
Kind, gentle graces, thoughts to raise
The tired spirit—hope and praise.

O, kind to me, in darkest hour
She led me forth with gentle power,
From lonely thought, from sad unrest,
To peace of mind, and to her breast
The son, who always loved her, prest;
Called up the moon to cheer me; laid
Its silver light on bank and glade,
And had it throw mysterious beams

O'er ice-clad hill—which steely gleams
Sent back—a knight who took his rest,
His burnished shield above his breast.
The fence of long, rough rails, that went
O'er trackless snows, a beauty lent;
Glittered each cold and icy bar
Beneath the moon like shafts of war.
And there a lovely tracery
Of branch and twig that naked tree
Of shadows soft and dim has wove,
And spread so gently, that above
The pure white snow it seems to float
Lighter than that celestial boat,
The silver-beaked moon, on air,—
Lighter than feathery gossamer;
As if its darkening touch, through fear,
It held from thing so saintly clear.

Thus nature threw her beauties round me;
Thus from the gloom in which she found me,
She won me by her simple graces,
She wooed me with her happy faces.

The day is closed; and I refrain
From further talk. But if of pain
It has beguiled a weary hour,
If to my desert mind, like shower,
That wets the parching earth, has come
A cheerful thought, and made its home
With me awhile, I'd have you share,
Who feel for me in ills I bear.

THE PLEASURE BOAT.

I.

Come, hoist the sail, the fast let go !
 They're seated side by side ;
 Wave chases wave in pleasant flow :
 The bay is fair and wide.

II.

The ripples lightly tap the boat.
 Loose !—Give her to the wind !
 She shoots a-head :—they're all afloat :
 The strand is far behind.

III.

No danger reach so fair a crew,
 Thou goddess of the foam,
 I'll ever pay thee worship due,
 If thou wilt bring them home.

IV.

Fair lades, fairer than the spray
 The prow is dashing wide,
 Soft breezes take you on your way,
 Soft flowed the blessed tide !

THE PLEASURE BOAT.

V.

O, might I like those breezes be,
And touch that arching brow,
I'd toil for ever on the sea
Where ye are floating now.

VI.

The boat goes tilting on the waves;
The waves go tilting by;
There dips the duck;—her back she laves;
O'er head the sea-gulls fly.

VII.

Now, like the gulls that dart for prey,
The little vessel stoops;
Now rising, shoots along her way,
Like them, in easy swoops.

VIII.

The sun-light falling on her sheet,
It glitters like the drift
Sparkling in scorn of summer's heat,
High up some mountain rift

IX.

The winds are fresh; she's driving fast
Upon the bending tide,
The crinkling sail, and crinkling mast
Go with her side by side.

X.

Why dies the breeze away so soon ?

Why hangs the penant down ?

The sea is glass ; the sun at noon.

—Nay, lady, do not frown ;

XI.

For, see, the winged fisher's plume

Is painted on the sea :

Below, a cheek of lovely bloom.

—Whose eyes look up at thee ?

XII.

She smiles ; thou need'st must smile on *her*.

And, see, beside her face

A rich, white cloud that doth not stir.

What beauty, and what grace !

XIII.

And pictured beach of yellow sand,

And peaked rock, and hill,

Change the smooth sea to fairy land.

How lovely and how still !

XIV.

From that far isle the thresher's flail

Strikes close upon the ear ;

The leaping fish, the swinging sail

Of yonder sloop sound near.

XV.

The parting sun sends out a glow
Across the placid bay, .
Touching with glory all the show.—
—A breeze!—Up helm!—Away!

XVI.

Careening to the wind, they reach,
With laugh and call, the shore.
They've left their foot-prints on the beach;
But *them* I hear no more.

XVII.

Goddess of Beauty, must I now
Vowed worship to thee pay?
Dear goddess, I grow old, I trow;
My head is growing grey.

THE EARLY SPRING BROOK.

I.

Well, nigh a year, swift running brook, is past
 Since I, upon thy fresh green side,
 Stood here, and saw thy waters glide,
 But not, as now they flow rough, turbid, fast.

II.

'Twas twilight then : and Dian hung her bow
 Low down the west ; and there a star,
 Kindly on thee and me, from far
 Looked out, and blessed us through the passing glow.

III.

A goodly fellowship of day and night ;
 The day, the moon, the stars, in one—
 Night scarcely come, day scarcely gone—
 In mutual love they shed harmonious light.

IV

It fell in peace upon thy face, fair brook,—
 The glittering starlight, paler moon,
 Day's last, warm glow : but that full soon
 Faded, e'en while I stood to feel and look.

V.

And then thy tiny beach, no longer red,
Took from the other lamps its hue,
As star on star, in order due,
Came out and lighted up thy pebbly bed.

VI.

The ground-bird in thy bank had made her nest.
She sat and dreamed about her brood,
And where next day to gather food ;
And with thy song well soothed she took her rest.

VII.

It pained me that my footsteps caused her fear ;
For I had come with weary heart
To sit with her and take a part
In star and moon, and thy low song to hear.

VIII.

Fly not the broken-hearted, bird ! I crave
Thy innocenee, thy gentle trust.
Chirp by me now, and when I'm dust,
Come, make thy habitation by my grave.

IX.

So wished I then ; and more my spirit spoke ;
And hopes and wishes, mingling, said,
Thou shalt within thy grave be laid
Ere other spring return ;—My heart was broke.

X.

Yet still, more sad and lonely, here I tread
Thy banks again, unfettered Brook.
Now, by the living I'm forsook;—
Before, I mourned your loss alone, ye dead.

XI.

The cords of sympathy nigh all untied !
And when I raise my eye by chance,
The half-bid sneer, the sidelong glance
Say, Not of us !—Would I had long since died !

XII.

And those of hearts of all too gentle mould
To pain the pained, by silence say,
We ne'er can walk the self-same way !
And shake them loose, where all my hopes took hold.

XIII.

Why, I can bear hot anger and the frown—
Much better far than feigned regard—
I mind them not ; they make me hard ;
But severed and yet kind !—it weighs me down

XIV.

Come teach me patience then, O Thou, for whom,
I take this sorrow to my breast ;
Speak to me, give my spirit rest,
And make me ready for the last great doom.

XV.

Here, too, there has been sadness since that I
Last talked with thee. Thy banks were green
Bright reeds and flowers no more are seen.
And where are they? Alas, do they, too, die?

XVI.

Thou then wast all o'er beauty, softness, youth;
In self-wove garments mad'st thee gay;
Didst play a dance by night and day:
But now!—How simple nature teaches truth!

XVII.

Thy cold, damp, frost-bound bank is like a rock;
Thy green, unsightly brown; and bare
The stems that made and took a share
Of beauty with Thee:—all have felt the shock.

XVIII.

A frost like death came in and changed the face
Of tree and herb. Up rose the wind,
And loud and strong, with fury blind,
Broke through, nor of thy beauty left a trace.

XIX.

Awhile it roared; the faded leaves it tost,
Then dashed them in thy face in scorn;
'Tis I, it said, thy bowers have torn!
And, rushing on, far in the woods was lost.

XX.

Thus ended thy bright festival. Thy hall,—
The place of song and dance before—
Silent and barred its icy door;
And o'er Thee winter threw his cold, white pall.

XXI.

Its folds unwrapped, thy doors now open thrown,
Drops from the shelving ice fall fast;
The light, too, shining in at last.
Shows straws and leaves along thy bottom strown.

XXII

But soon thy channel will again run clear
Along thy clean and pebbly bed,
The spring flowers on thy brim be fed,
And earth's and thy own music Thou shalt hear.

XXIII.

Thou'lt be too merry then to mind the sigh
Heaved by the lonely, broken heart,
Though near Thee. Here, then, let us part,
For there's no spring for joys like mine, that die.

XXIV.

The blasted spirit of fond, thoughtful men
Can feel no second earthly youth:
Their sorrows share the strength of truth.
—At leaf-fall, Brook I'll visit thee again.

"THE CHANTING CHERUBS."

This group, executed by H. Greenough, for J. F. Cooper, give you a feeling of unmingled happiness as soon as you cast your eyes upon them. The two little creatures are themselves instinct with it; and no sadness creeps over your spirit, as it does when you look upon a child; for *then* comes in the thought of frailty; and you know that when the sun opens *that* bud, the dew of its youth will dry up, and that it will fade soon, and all its freshness and odour be lost. But these little beings seem to have lighted here from a better world, where happiness is as lasting as it is pure. And so busy and pleased are they in their song of praise, as not at all to heed us poor creatures, who stand gazing on them—blessed spirits!

The execution of this group is not inferior to the conception, and Mr. Greenough shows himself to be a close student of nature, and to have a hand as true as his eye. What flesh, too! you are almost persuaded that it will yield to your touch. The action, also, and the dependent attitude of the younger Cherub is beautifully contrasted with the more erect posture and the *repose* of the older figure. Not the least pleasing thought connected with this work of art, is, that while so many men of genius disgrace themselves by envyings and detraction, this group was executed by the first American Sculptor, for one who, with C. B. Brown, stands at the head of American Novelists.

It is a sin against God, and a base vice, to envy another his excellence. If man would remember and *feel* the words, It is not of yourselves: it is the gift of God, he would be humble, and able to rejoice in another's well doing.

I.

Whence came ye, Cherubs ? from the moon
Or from a shining star ?
Ye, sure, are sent, a blessed boon.
From kinder worlds afar ;
For while I look, my heart is all delight :
Earth has no creatures half so pure and bright.

II.

From moon, nor star, we hither flew ;
The moon doth wane away ;
The stars—they pale at morning dew :
We're children of the day ;
Nor change, nor night, was ever ours to bear
Eternal light, and love and joy, we share.

III.

'Then, sons of light, from Heaven above,
Some blessed news ye bring
Come ye to chant eternal love,
And tell how angels sing,
And in your breathing, conscious forms to show
How purer forms above, live, breathe, and glow.

IV.

Our parent is a human mind ;
His winged thoughts are we ;
To sun, nor stars are we confined :
We pierce the deepest sea.
Moved by a Brother's call, our Father bade
Us light on earth : and here our flight is stayed.

THE MOSS

SUPPLICATETH FOR THE POET

I.

Though I am humble, slight me no^t
 But love me for the poet's sake;
 Forget me not till he's forgot;
 I, care or slight, with him would take.

II.

For oft he passed the blossoms by,
 And gazed on me with kindly look;
 Left flaunting flowers and open sky,
 And wooed me by the shady brook.

III.

And like the brook his voice was low;
 So soft, so sad the words he spoke,
 That with the stream they seemed to flow;
 They told me that his heart was broke:—

IV.

They said, the world he fain would shun,
 And seek the still and twilight wood—
 His spirit, weary of the sun,
 In humblest things found chiefest good;—

V.

That I was of a lowly frame,
And far more constant than the flower,
Which, vain with many a boastful name,
But fluttered out its idle hour.

VI.

That I was kind to old decay
And wrapt it softly round in green
On naked root, and trunk of gray,
Spread out a garniture and screen:—

VII

They said that he was withering fast,
Without a sheltering friend like me;
That on his manhood fell a blast,
And left him bare, like yonder tree;

VIII.

That spring would clothe *his* boughs no more,
Nor ring his boughs with song of bird—
Sounds like the melancholy shore
Alone were through his branches heard.

IX.

Methought, as then, he stood to trace
The withered stems, there stole a tear—
That I could read in his sad face,—
Brothers, our sorrows make us near.

X.

And then he stretched him all along,
And laid his head upon my breast,
Listening the water's peaceful song,
How glad was I to tend his rest!

XI.

Then happier grew his soothed soul.
He turned and watched the sunlight play
Upon my face, as in it stole,
Whispering, Above is brighter day!

XII.

He praised my varied hues—the green,
The silver hoar, the golden, brown;
Said, Lovelier hues were never seen;
Then gently prest my tender down.

XIII.

And where I sent up little shoots,
He called them trees in fond conceit:
Like silly lovers in their suits
He talked his cares awhile to cheat.

XIV.

I said, I'd deck me in the dews,
Could I but chase away his care,
And clothe me in a thousand hues,
To bring him joys that I might share.

XV.

He answered, earth no blessing had
 To cure his lone and aching heart—
 That I was one, when he was sad,
 Oft stole him from his pain, in part.

XVI.

But e'en from thee, he said I go,
 To meet the world, its care and strife,
 No more to watch this quiet flow,
 Or spend with thee a gentle life.

XVII.

And yet the brook is gliding on
 And I, without a care, at rest,
 While back to toiling life he's gone,
 Where finds his head no faithful breast.

XVIII.

Deal gently with him, world, I pray;
 Ye cares, like softened shadows come;
 His spirit, well nigh worn away,
 Asks with ye but awhile a home.

XIX.

O, may I live, and when he dies
 Be at his feet a humble sod;
 O, may I lay me where he lies,
 To die when he awakes in God?

A CLUMP OF DAISIES.

I.

Ye daises gay,
 This fresh spring day
 Close gathered here together,
 To play in the light,
 To sleep all the night,
 To abide through sullen weather ;

II.

Ye creatures bland,
 A simple hand,
 Ye free ones, linked in pleasure.
 And linked when your forms
 Stoop low in the storms,
 And the rain comes down without measure ;

III.

When wild clouds fly
 Athwart the sky,
 And ghostly shadows, glancing,
 Are darkening the gleam
 Of the hurrying stream,
 And your close bright heads gaily dancing :

IV.

Though dull awhile,
Again ye smile ;
For, see, the warm sun breaking ;
The stream's going glad,
There 's nothing now sad,
And the small bird his song is waking

V.

The dew-drop sip
With dainty lip !
The sun is low descended.
And, Moon ! softly fall
On troop true and small !
Sky and earth in one kindly blended.

VI.

And, Morning ! spread
Their jewelled bed
With lights in the east sky springing !
And, Brook ! breathe around
Thy low murmured sound !
May they move, ye Birds, to your singing

VII.

For in their play
I hear them say,
Here, man, thy wisdom borrow :
In heart be a child,
In word true and mild :
Hold thy faith, come joy, or come sorrow.

CHANTREY'S WASHINGTON.

“ And thou art home again in marble!
 Remembered be thy name in poets' story,
 Who led the land through fire and blood to glory;
 Our Father, next to Him in heaven!”

I.

Father and Chief, how calm thou stand'st once more
 Upon thine own free land, thou won'st through toil!
 Seest thou upon thy Country's robe a soil,
 As she comes down to greet thee on the shore?

II.

For thought in that fine brow is living still—
 Such thought, as looking far off into time,
 Casting by fear, stood up in strength sublime,
 When odds in war shook vale and shore and hill—

III.

Such thought as then possessed thee; when was laid
 Our deep foundation—when the fabric shook
 With the wrathful surge which high against it broke—
 When at thy voice the blind, wild sea was stayed.

IV.

Hast heard our strivings, that thou look'st away
 Into the future, pondering still our fate
 With thoughtful mind? Thou readest, sure, the date
 'To strifes—thou seest a glorious coming day;

V.

For round those lips dwells sweetness, breathing good
 To sad men's souls, and bidding them take heart,
 Nor live the shame of those who bore their part
 When round their towering *Saul** they banded stood.

VI.

No swelling pride in that firm, ample chest!
 The full rich robe falls round thee, fold on fold,
 With easy grace, in thy scarce conscious hold;
 How simple in thy grandeur—strong in rest!

VII.

'T is like thee: Such repose thy living form
 Wrapt round. Though some chained passion breaking
 forth,
 At times swept o'er thee like a fierce, dread north,
 Yet calmer, nobler cam'st thou from the storm.

* Saul, "from the shoulders and upward was higher than any of the people."

VIII.

O, mystery past thought ! that the cold stone
Should live to us, take shape, and to us speak—
That he, in mind, in grandeur like the Greek,
And he, our pride, stand here, the two in one !

IX.

There's awe in thy still form. Come hither, then,
Ye that o'erthrong the land, and ye shall know
What greatness is, nor please ye in its show—
Come, look on him, would ye indeed be men !

THE LITTLE BEACH BIRD.

I.

Thou little bird, thou dweller by the sea,
 Why takest thou its melancholy voice?
 And with that boding cry
 Along the waves dost thou fly?
 O! rather, Bird, with me
 Through the fair land rejoice!

II.

Thy flitting form comes ghostly dim and pale,
 As driven by a beating storm at sea;
 Thy cry is weak and scared,
 As if thy mates had share
 The doom of us: Thy wail—
 What does it bring to me?

III.

Thou call'st along the sand, and haunt'st the surge,
 Restless and sad; as if in strange accord
 With the motion and the roar
 Of waves that drive to shore,
 One spirit did ye urge—
 The Mystery—The Word.

IV.

Of thousands, thou, both sepulchre and pall,
Old Ocean, art! A requiem o'er the dead,
From out thy gloomy cells
A tale of mourning tells—
Tells of man's woe and fall,
His sinless glory fled.

V.

Then turn thee, little bird, and take thy flight
Where the complaining sea shall sadness bring
Thy spirit never more.
Come, quit with me the shore,
For gladness and the light
Where birds of summer sing.

DAYBREAK.

"The Pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber, whose window opened towards the sun rising: the name of the chamber was Peace; where he slept till break of day, and then he awoke and sang."

The Pilgrim's Progress.

I.

Now, mightier than the host that all night long,
In fiery armour, far up in the sky .
Stood watch, thou com'st to wait the morning's song,
Thou com'st to tell me day again is nigh,
Star of the dawning! Cheerful is thine eye;
And yet in the broad day it must grow dim.
Thou seem'st to look on me, as asking why
My mourning eyes with silent tears do swim;
Thou bid'st me turn to God, and seek my rest in Him

II.

Canst thou grow sad, thou sayest, as earth grows
bright?
And sigh, when little birds begin discourse
In quick, low voices, ere the streaming light
Pours on their nests, from out the day's fresh source?

With creatures innocent thou must perforce
 A sharer be, if that thine heart be pure.
 And holy hour like this, save sharp remorse,
 Of ills and pains of life must be the cure,
 And breathe in kindred calm, and teach thee to endure.

III.

I feel its calm. But there 's a sombrous hue,
 Edging that eastern cloud, of deep, dull red ;
 Nor glitters yet the cold and heavy dew ;
 And all the woods and hill-tops stand outspread
 With dusky lights, which warmth nor comfort shed.
 Still, save the bird that scarcely lifts its song,
 The vast world seems the tomb of all the dead
 The silent city emptied of its throng,
 And ended, all alike, grief, mirth, love hate and wrong.

IV.

But wrong, and hate, and love, and grief, and mirth
 Will quicken soon ; and hard, hot toil and strife,
 With headlong purpose, shake this sleeping earth
 With discord strange, and all that man calls life.
 With thousand scattered beauties nature's rife ;
 And airs, and woods, and streams breathe harmonies :
 Man weds not these, but taketh art to wife ;
 Nor binds his heart with soft and kindly ties :
 He, feverish, blinded, lives, and, feverish, sated, dies.

V.

It is because man useth so amiss
 Her dearest blessings, Nature seemeth sad ;

Else why should she in such fresh hour as this
 Not lift the veil, in revelation glad,
 From her fair face? It is that man is mad!
 Then chide me not, clear Star, that I repine,
 When nature grieves; nor deem this heart is bad.
 Thou look'st toward earth; but yet the heavens are
 thine;
 While I to earth am bound:—When will the heavens
 be mine?

VI.

If man would but his finer nature learn,
 And not in life fantastic lose the sense
 Of simpler things; could nature's features stern
 Teach him be thoughtful, then, with soul intense,
 I should not yearn for God to take me hence,
 But bear my lot, albeit in spirit bowed,
 Remembering humbly why it is, and whence:
 But when I see cold man of reason proud,
 My solitude is sad, I'm lonely in the crowd.

VII.

But not for this alone, the silent tear
 Steals to mine eyes, while looking on the morn,
 Nor for this solemn hour: fresh life is near;
 But all my joys!—they died when newly born.
 Thousands will wake to joy; while, I forlorn,
 And like the stricken deer, with sickly eye
 Shall see them pass. Breathe calm—my spirit's torn;
 Ye holy thoughts, lift up my soul on high!
 Ye hopes of things unseen, the far-off world bring nigh!

VIII.

And when I grieve, O, rather let it be
 That I—whom nature taught to sit with her
 On her proud mountains, by her rolling sea—
 Who when the winds are up, with mighty stir
 Of woods and waters, feel the quick'ning spur
 To my strong spirit; who, as my own child,
 Do love the flower, and in the rugged bur
 A beauty see, that I this mother mild
 Should leave, and go with care, and passions fierce and
 wild!

IX.

How suddenly that straight and glittering shaft,
 Shot 'thwart the earth. In crown of living fire
 Up comes the Day! As if they conscience quail—
 The sunny flood, hill, forest, city spire
 Laugh in the wakening light. Go, vain desire!
 The dusky lights are gone; go thou thy way!
 And pining discontent, like them, expire!
 Be called my chamber, PEACE, when ends the day
 And let me with the dawn, like PILGRIM, sing and pray.

NOTES.

P. 24 stanza 14, and Preface to 'The First Edition of the Poems.'—In that passage in *Lycidas*, which fills us with such awe, Milton says :

“——the great vision of the guarded mount,
Looks towards Namancos and Bayona's hold.”

Although the cases are not quite parallel, I hope I shall not be thought extravagant in calling upon old Merlin, a being supposed to be endowed with supernatural powers, to

‘Hear the shout from Spain.’

On the above passage in Milton, see Todd's edition, notes, and among the Preliminary Notes, the interesting one,—“Mount St. Michael.”

Preface to 'The First Edition of the Poems.'—The felicity and truth of Lord Byron's expression in relation to the octo-syllabic verse, (quoted by me in the last paragraph but one, of the above Preface), left that expression impressed upon my mind after the exception made by him was so far forgotten, that when reminded of it by some newspaper notice of my poems; I knew not where to turn to in Byron for the passage. Having since found it, I give it entire.—“Scott alone, of the present generation, has hitherto completely triumphed over the fatal facility of the octo-syllabic verse: and this is not the least victory of his fertile and mighty genius.”

After this opinion from the great modern master of English verse, respecting that wonderful man, it may be thought that it would have become me better to have altogether omitted, at this time, the passage in the Preface. And I would gladly have done so, could I have done so honestly, after my oversight, and while my convictions remained unchanged. The newspaper notice to which I have referred, and which the passage in Byron has kept in my mind, insinuates, if I rightly recollect, that I used so much of Byron as made for my opinion, and purposely omitted the rest. Had the writer of that article *known* me, he would not have said this; and *not knowing* me, he should not have presumed it.

As this is a question of mere common fair-dealing with the reader, I need make no apology for the length of the note.

P. 76. It has been suggested to me that my allusion to the story of 'Cobbler Stout,' may not be understood by those born since my nursery days. Were it not too long, I would insert it here, for the benefit of such persons. The effect which the Cobbler's treatment had upon the Little Egg-woman, (the nature of which treatment my allusion will sufficiently explain,) in leading her to question herself upon her personal identity, the means which she took to solve so important a question, and the melancholy conclusion to which these brought her, that she was *not herself*, or, to use her own words,

'Sure.' . . . 'this is none of I!'—

all serve to render it not only a tale of deep interest to the general reader, but also one well worthy the study of the acute controvertists in high matters, of the present day.

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LONDON:—W. TWEEDIE, 337, STRAND.







